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SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



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MISS MARIA ROBERTSON.

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* The article descriptive of the prize-winners at the International Dog Show at Frankfort, had not reached us up to the time of going to Press.

Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Miss Marie Illington, of the Vaudeville Theatre—The First Show of the Dublin Kennel Club, by R. H. Moore, from sketches supplied by a Correspondent—Club Fishing, by F. Temple—Yachting, by H. Tozer—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Portrait of the late H. J. Montagu—Mr. George Grossmith, jun., as The Admiral in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, a double-page portrait, by Matt. Stretch—Mem's from a Playgoer's Sketch Book, by A. H. Wall—Portrait of Mr. Shiel Barry—Sport with the Austrian Crown Prince—Canadian Ponies, by J. Sturgess—A Moorish Café in Paris.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

A MEMBER of the Russell Club informs me, with some degree of warmth, not wholly inexcusable perhaps, that the lady members of the club are by far the most intellectual portion, and adds that everything in the club is *most* satisfactory, "except the cooking and the loquacity of the gentlemen in the reading-room." "The silly clatter of the men" is very disturbing, my correspondent says, to the lady members, many of whom are of studious habits. I have no doubt my correspondent is correct, but I would humbly suggest that a club is not an institute for study, and that lively conversation is the salt of club life. As for the ladies being the most intellectual portion of the members I never denied that fact, but to judge from the specimen I gave last week this argues a somewhat moderate standard of intelligence in the club.

IN reference to the same subject a lady writes:—"In your issue of last Saturday (August 10th), you relate an anecdote illustrative of the ignorance of modern literature displayed by the ladies of the present day. You state that the ladies forming the Russell Club are not only unacquainted with the history of Beatrice Cenci, but are illiterate enough to have to ask who Shelley was? If your account be not somewhat imaginative, allow me to say that the same ignorance might possibly have been displayed in not a few of the clubs used by the superior sex; but that in that case it would not have been related as an instance of the ignorance of modern gentlemen, but only as that of a small class."

LADIES are not generally supposed to be sound judges of wine, and therefore I am the more surprised to find that a certain well-known firm of wine merchants, notorious for their "cheap blends," are regarded with an almost rabid repulsion by ladies. The publishers of Miss Rhoda Broughton's last novel had to withdraw the first impression from sale because of some virulently libellous remarks upon this firm, and now I see an announcement from the editor of a monthly magazine that a portion of a serial tale by a well-known lady novelist has been expunged from the current number, in consequence of grave libels upon the same firm of wine merchants. Again, I ask, what have these vendors of "cheap blends" done to excite all this feminine fury? Has it been discovered that "cheap blends" are bad for the complexion? or do the wines of this maligned firm tell their tale upon the female nose more quickly and unmistakably than other wines? I suspect some such reason is at the bottom of it all.

THE climate of Burmah seems to be peculiarly fatal to British morals. Things must be very bad indeed when the general in command finds it necessary to send letters to all the officers under his command, threatening them with a court-martial in the event of their allowing themselves to be led astray by their neighbours' wives.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT, I see, has been very severe upon English dramatic authors and managers, though perhaps not more so than they deserve. When she was interviewed the other day by the representative of the *New York Herald*, in reply to the question "Is it true that Mr. Wills treated you rudely?" she replied: "Not at all. He

treated me after the English fashion—that is all. I mean by that, when I expected the warmth of reception that an English actress would receive here, I was met on a purely business footing, and was left to pay for my own boxes or stalls, to see a play played for which I was paying an English author 3,000 dols. of good American gold. Here every theatre flies open to the professional visitor from England. I believe, however, that the relations between author and manager are different in England from what they are in France or America. The old Grub Street notion of Goldsmith's own day is not yet extinct in England, and a gentleman of even Mr. Wills' abilities may dance attendance on a London manager, as contemptuously ignored as Dr. Johnson in the antechamber of Lord Chesterfield."

IN an article on "Swimming, as a Pastime and as a Necessity," the *New York Sportsman* indulges in the following:—"Nor do we think that the divines would look on this project with disfavour; this is a necessity in more ways than one: it is an art protective, and we learn from *Holy Writ* that cleanliness is next to godliness." Now John Wesley was a very excellent man, but I was not aware until now that his writings were inspired. It is evident that a Bible does not form part of the library of the editor of the *New York Sportsman*.

IN that case, however, the absence of the sacred volume is excusable. Not so in the following case:—A correspondent of the *Indian Daily News*, in commenting on the administration of justice in the Mofussil, states he had occasion to go once to a Mofussil court of justice as a witness. He found the magistrate cross-legged, smoking a bubblebubble, picking his teeth, awhile, and hearing three cases simultaneously. And as there was no Bible to be found on the premises, he had to be sworn on a *Johnson's Dictionary*.

IS King Louis of Bavaria a lunatic, or is he simply an eccentric musical enthusiast? It will be urged, perhaps, that the line of demarcation between lunacy and musical enthusiasm is so faint that it is scarcely worth while taking its existence into consideration at all. In the case of a Royal personage, however, it behoves one to be respectful and discreet. I shall therefore not attempt to answer the question, but ask my readers to form their own conclusions from the following sketch of some phases of King Louis' musical enthusiasm:—I am told he enters the Royal box exactly as the clock strikes seven. The theatre is closed to the public for the season. His Majesty is attired in black, not a soul accompanies him, and the house, brilliantly illuminated as on gala nights, is absolutely empty. At the end of each act the audience, consisting of this single Royal individual, withdraws. The curtain does not rise again until he is once more comfortably ensconced in his box. Mdlle. Schefsky is the favourite singer of His Majesty. During his stay at Munich he frequently sends for her to visit the palace. A servant introduces her in silence into a boudoir, where she is commanded to sing certain airs, the list of which is affixed to the wall. She all the while remains in ignorance of either the quality or quantity of her listeners, for she sees no one. Behind the tapestry which falls before the open door is the King himself, silent and invisible. He listens to the singer without beholding her, and has never applauded her but once, when, in a transport of delight at her execution of a certain melody by Loewe, he rushed out from behind the tapestry with such sudden violence that the poor artist fainted with alarm.

A NUMBER of archaeological enthusiasts have just been celebrating the thousandth anniversary of the peace of Wedmore, concluded between Alfred the Great and Gothrum the Dane, after the great battle of Ethandune in 878. There was a sermon by the Bishop of Bath and Wells and a public meeting afterwards, followed by the inevitable luncheon. To me one of the most significant features of the ceremony seems to have been the presentation by the committee of tickets of admission to between 80 and 90 old women over the ages of 70. One had need to have "an old woman over the age of 70," to appreciate such a commemoration.

ROUND ROBIN.

CHARLES DICKENS and Thomas Hood levelled some of their bitterest satire against the indecency and brutal callousness which marks our pauper burials. What would they have said, I wonder, to the pauper funerals in Naples? This is how Linda Villari describes the scene in the last number of the *Academy*:—"A fitting *Finis* to the career of the Neapolitan poor is the method of their burial in the Campo Santo Vecchio. In death, as in life, they are herded together. A bare, paved space enclosed by a wall; 365 stones covering as many pits, of which one is opened each day for the reception of the dead; a movable crane, with a metal coffin suspended by a chain. Such is the set-scene, such the properties of the last act of the tragedy! Every evening at half-past six o'clock one of the awful holes is opened; the corpses brought for interment are hauled with indecent roughness from their pauper shells; the priest sprinkles them with holy water, and hurriedly gabbles the prayer for the dead. Then each in its turn is thrown into the box attached to the crane; the bottom of the box gives way on the pressure of a spring, and the body crashes down to join the heap of corruption below. Laughing boys and weeping mourners press to the pit's edge to gaze at the ghastly sight; the creaking of the machine mingles with cries of despair. A crowd of lookers-on eagerly note the number of the dead, their sex and age, in order to choose lucky numbers for the lottery. Signor Fucini learnt that Friday was considered the best day for hitting on fortunate figures, and that the Campo Santo was frequented by experts who earned their living by suggesting combinations that must infallibly win a *terno*." After all we are not so bad as some of our neighbours who call themselves civilized.

AN English hotel is about to be built at Cyprus, at a cost of £60,000, for an English tenant, who is to pay an annual rent of £4,000.

TALLY-HO! HARK AWAY!

ALL firm in the saddle, we're waiting the sound To ring through the covert and echo around; The mare she is fretting, she longs for the fray,— Yes, yes, 'tis the shout, Tally-ho! hark away!

One grip of the pigs, one touch at her head, And quick through the ruck of the field we have sped; Neither brook, fence, nor bullfinch our course may delay, She's over them all, Tally-ho! hark away!

Whoa, steady my girl, there's younger than you, And if you would beat 'em you've something to do. "Ware wire!" What a rasper! she takes as play; Hark forward, old girl, Tally-ho! hark away!

There's none other in it, we lead by a field, And even the pick of the bunch have to yield. We've run him to death, and we're fresh for next day, To answer the shout, Tally-ho! hark away!

RONALD GRANT.

A PADDLE BY NIGHT TO THE EURYDICE.

I THINK that amongst the many sad catastrophes of last year there was not one so fearful and so sudden as that of the ill-fated Eurydice. We live in the island, and immediately opposite to the place where she went down, and were the last to see her in her beauty five minutes before she was lost. The day had been tolerably fine and warm, though at times we had a cold gust of wind accompanied by a few flakes of snow. We had had luncheon at Shanklin, and were returning to our house at Sandown, by the Cliff pathway, when we noticed a tremendous storm coming straight from the mainland, at the same time as the Eurydice was just rounding the point, in full sail, and scudding before the wind. After remaining for a few minutes to watch her, as the light just caught her sails and made a beautiful picture, my friend exclaimed, "Good Heavens! what are they thinking about, not to shorten sail, with such a cloud as that coming up?" Every other vessel in sight has done so, and there'll be mischief if they carry on like that in the squall." The words were scarcely spoken before the storm was upon us, and we were enveloped in a mist of whirling snow and sleet, and had to cling tightly to the railings to avoid being blown over the Cliff. The storm was so violent that it was impossible to see a yard, and as we had quite enough to do to look after ourselves, we never thought of the ship until we were safely at home and the storm had cleared. Nothing was then to be seen of her, and the natural conclusion was, that she had rounded the Culvers and was safe in Portsmouth Harbour; but the next morning the horrible news came, which seemed too dreadful to be true, but on looking through the glass the masts and sails of the vessel were plainly visible, the tide having partially raised her.

Of course everyone is well acquainted with all the exertions that have been made to move her, and the various mishaps that have occurred from bad weather, &c., which prevented her from being transported to where she now lies, until quite lately. She was, on the night of the 28th of July, lying three-quarters of a mile from shore, and just facing Redcliffe. It was very dark, there being no moon, but clear, a breeze springing up, and the stars were bright.

I being passionately fond of canoeing, persuaded my husband and a friend that it would be delightful to paddle round the Eurydice in the evening, and, like most ladies, having eventually got my own way in spite of remonstrances, we set out, having the usual difficulty in supplying my *sposo* with a canoe to fit his portly form. After nearly an hour's easy work, we reached the wreck with only one slight mischance—my friend having nearly tipped over one of the numerous hawsers, which, combined with pieces of wreck floating about, made the excursion a dangerous one, as it was too dark to see any small thing on the water—and the small waves threw such shadows, that I repeatedly fancied I saw some poor dead face glaring up at me as I passed.

The ship lay completely out of water and presented a most sad and solemn appearance—the broken deck, the ropes and chains, &c., hanging about, all looked so huge and grim and black standing out against the sky, with only one small ray of light from the lamp belonging to the man left in charge shining down into that dreadful grave where the corpses of over 200 brave men had found a last resting-place, they were so mingled together that it was impossible for them to be taken out separately, or in any way to identify them.

There was no sound save the rippling of the water, and occasionally the bells on board the tugs about 200 yards off. The water was more luminous than I had ever before seen it, and the phosphoric light came from the canoes and paddles in flashes and lines of fire, which greatly added to the curious weird beauty of the scene.

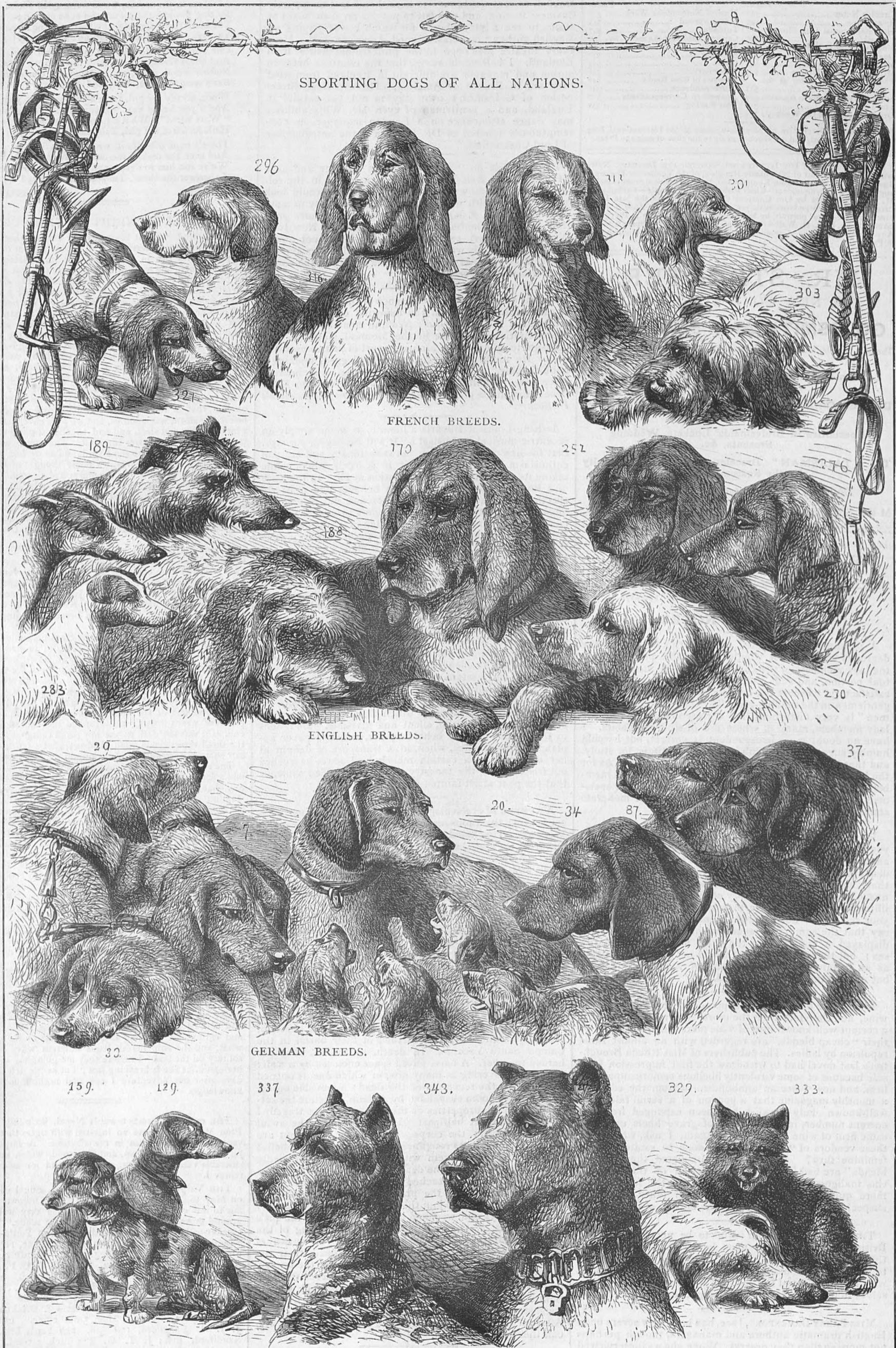
Having gone round, we returned home, paddling against a very strong tide. The lights of Sandown shining across the water, though a pretty sight, were very confusing, and I very nearly ended the evening and myself as well by all but charging a steam tug, which I did not see till close upon it, and my husband calling out, "Paddle left!" instead of right—a rather awkward mistake. However, I am thankful to say we reached home, hungry and tired, at eleven o'clock. If anyone wishes to see the Eurydice in her beauty they should go at night, as, in the day the noise and confusion, and the numerous tourists talking and laughing and eating and drinking close to her, jars on the feelings somewhat, and the ship herself looks different when left alone and solitary on the sea. I believe they are going to, or have, moved her again, as she is breaking fast; but as we left Sandown two days after our adventure I can add nothing more of my own knowledge.

E. L.

THE extensive forests towards Nepal, including the notorious Pran Vaga jungle, are so infested with tigers that people rarely venture into them even in the daytime. A large part of the jungle has been cut down, and the wood, which must be of considerable value, lies rotting on the ground for lack of facility for removal.

THE Valparaiso Cricket Club held its annual athletic meeting on May 30. The principal events fell as follows, but it is only fair to the competitors to say that the very wet state of the ground prevented any good times being made. Throwing the Cricket-ball.—D. Hoy, 93 yards, 2ft. 100 Yards.—E. J. J. H. Sandiford, first; E. Harrington, second. Time, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Putting the Shot (16lb).—H. Moore, 32ft 8in. Hurdle Race, 120 yards (ten flights).—E. Harrington, first; E. T. G. Powditch (pen, 2 yards), second. Time, 20sec. High Jump.—W. P. Robertson, 4ft 11in. Quarter-mile Flat.—B. J. J. H. Sandiford, first; W. Nugent, second. Time, 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Pole Jump.—W. P. Robertson, 9ft 4in. One Mile Flat.—J. Drinkwater, first; A. F. Clayton, second. Time, 5min 27sec. Long Jump.—E. J. J. H. Sandiford, first; J. T. G. Powditch, second. Time, 26sec. Steeplechase (three water jumps, ten flights).—H. A. P. Schumacher, first; C. H. Jackson, second; J. Drinkwater, third. Time, 3min 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Egg and Ladle Race.—C. H. Jackson. Consolation Race, 150 yards.—W. Hargreaves.

SPORTING DOGS OF ALL NATIONS.



PRIZE WINNERS AT THE FRANKFORT INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.

CAT AND DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE second United Kingdom Exhibition of Cats and Ladies' Pet Dogs was opened on Saturday week. There was a large number of very liberal prizes offered for competition, among them being six silver cups, value two guineas each, in the cat classes; and five silver cups, value three guineas each, for the best specimens of dogs. The cages containing the animals were ranged at either end of the great central hall, and attracted a good deal of attention from the visitors, of whom there were a considerable number present during the day. In point of general excellence, the dogs no doubt carried away the palm, the pugs and Maltese dogs being especially worthy of notice, while one or two of the Yorkshire terriers were very fine specimens of their breed. The following is the list of owners of cats who took the first prizes:—Shorthaired male cats, class 1, Mr. Joseph Newland; 2, Mr. William Flitton; 3, Miss Brander (cup); 5, Mr. J. A. Winney; 8, Messrs. G. and A. Fulton. Shorthaired female cats: 9, Misses Greenwood and Butterworth (cup); 10, Mr. R. Norris; 11, Miss J. Tullett; 12, Miss Julie Gardiner; 13, Mr. Alfred Bell; 14, Mr. Trusson; 15, Miss Shuckard; 16, Mr. W. E. Dawes; 18, Rev. W. K. Chafy-Chafy; 20, Miss Lizzie Bristow; 21, Mrs. Martin; 22, Mrs. Sheerman; 23, Mr. J. Gardner; 24, Mr. Rochester; 25, Miss Hales (cup); 26, Miss L.C. Glenn (cup); 27, Mrs. Monckton White; 28, Mrs. Courte; 29, Mr. C. W. Fletcher; 30, Mrs. Courte; 31, Mrs. Powell; 32, Mr. J. Moores; 33, Miss E. E. Weightman; 34, Mr. T. Watts (cup); 37, Mrs. Leonard U. Gill; 38, Miss H. King. Pug Dogs: Class 39, Mr. John Lewis; 40, Mrs. Monck; 41, Mrs. H. Mayhew; 42 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes), Lady Giffard; 43, Mrs. Monck; 44, Mrs. W. Forder; 45, Mrs. W. Forder; 46, Mrs. Monck. Classes 47 to 52 not yet judged.

Our sketches are from the following prize winners:—1. Mr. John Lewis's Sootey, age 3 yrs 10 months (£1,000); 2. Mr. William King's Chinese terrier, 5 yrs (£50); 3. Mrs. Monck's Yorkshire terrier, (£100); 4. Miss C. Dawson's Little Frisky 11, 1 year 11 months (£50); 5. Lady Giffard's Hugh, 3 yrs (not for sale); 6. Mrs. J. Wassell's Lady, 1 year 4 months (£52 10s.); 7, Rev. W. K. W. Chafy-Chafy's Puff, 9 months (£5 6s.); 8. Miss Brander's Puff, 4 yrs (not for sale); 9. Mr. J. Moore's Dick, 6 yrs (£5 5s.); 10. Mr. W. Watts's Tom, 2 yrs (£10 10s.).

MR. IRVING ON THE DRAMA.

ON Monday Mr. Henry Irving laid the foundation-stone of the building of a new literary and scientific institute at Harborne, near Birmingham, and was afterwards entertained at luncheon in the Masonic Hall, Birmingham. About 200 guests assembled to do him honour. The chair was occupied by Mr. Samuel Timmins, J.P. After the more formal toasts had been disposed of the chairman presented to Mr. Irving, on behalf of the institute committee, an illuminated address, setting forth the objects of the institute, which is to be modelled as to its main features on the Birmingham and Midland Institute, and gratefully acknowledging the assistance which Mr. Irving had rendered to it. Mr. Irving, in reply, said he was not only gratified, but deeply moved by the cordiality of the greeting which they had given him. Speaking as the president of the Perry Barr Institute, he congratulated them most heartily upon the establishment of the Harborne Institute. It was not for him to speak in detail to them of the



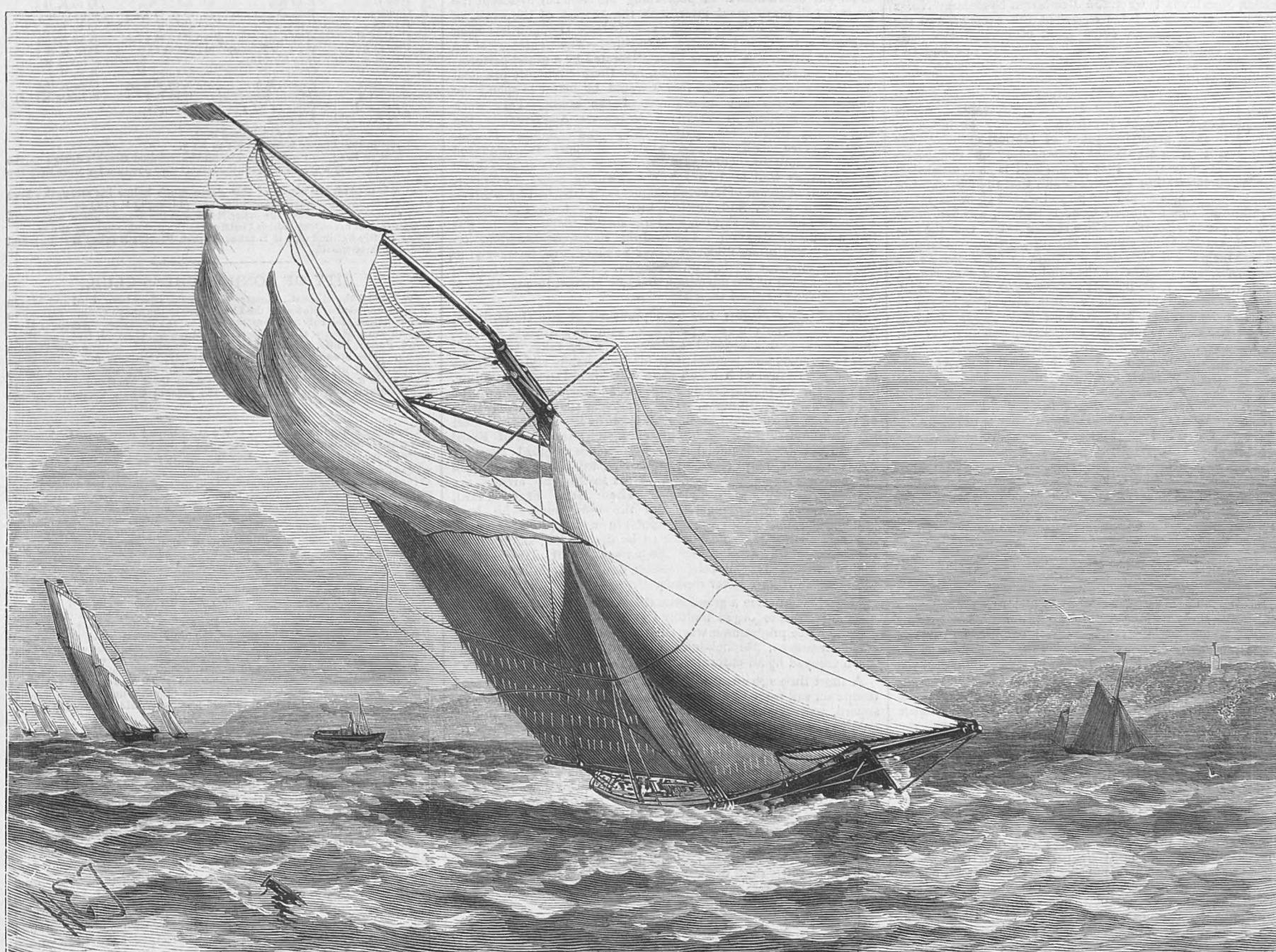
MR. AUBREY COVENTRY.

course of study to be pursued at their institute, but, speaking as an actor—and they would see it was as difficult for the player as for the professor to forget his calling for five minutes—he was glad to know that they would not leave out of their culture that legitimate development of the imagination without which life was but a dry routine. If they did not idealise something this was a painfully prosaic world. Poetry and fiction did much to lighten care. For many persons the drama did more; it sometimes helped many, especially the poor, the uncultured, the unlettered, to a right appreciation of life. He was on Saturday night, for a short time, at Mr. Rodgers's theatre in Birmingham, and no one could help being struck to see the earnest and even revengeful manner in which the gallery expressed their dislike of the villain of the piece. He thought that was a homely and wholesome lesson to those who thought there

was no good influence in the theatre. He did not argue—and he was sure they did not expect him to argue—the question whether dramatic exposition had or had not a beneficial influence in the main upon society. If they differed on that point he should not have been there, and he should not have had the satisfaction of having been chosen by his friends at Perry Barr as the representative of the association. With regard to those people who maintained that there was something radically vicious in the whole theory and principle of the stage, well, they must live as comfortably as they could. They would like to rob actors of their audiences, but actors did not bear them any malice for that. What sensible men had to do was not to make futile attempts to destroy an institution which was bound up with some of the best instincts of human nature, but to strive to remove its abuses and elevate its tone. He was sure the members of that institution would never forget what they owed, and what the world owed, to that supreme genius who had shed permanent lustre on the dramatic literature of the country. Far above the merits of any individual actor there was this consideration, that if he aimed at the highest standard of his profession he helped thousands to a fellowship, sympathy, and intelligence with the great mind which gave to the drama its noblest form. But some persons said, "Oh! we think Shakespeare very admirable, and if you played nothing else but his works at every theatre we should be delighted to support you." It seemed to him that one might almost as well say, "If every book of poetry I take up has not the lofty inspiration of Milton I must refuse to support poetry." He did not suppose that if that were one's sentiment poetry would suffer. It was impossible for Shakespeare to be played in every theatre, for many obvious reasons. As to dramatic representation, as to everything else, there must be a variety of tastes. In all its many phases art had something that was excellent. Certainly, the higher the general level of their culture the more exalted would be their taste, and he felt assured that the efforts of the members of that institute and kindred institutes would be directed to foster what was worthiest in dramatic art.

THE Princess Beatrice is recognised as one of the best performers on the zither, the national instrument of the Tyrol.

A GENERAL meeting of the renters or debenture holders in Drury Lane Theatre took place on Saturday in the saloon of the theatre. Captain Sharpe presided. The report was read by Mr. Tegg, the secretary, which showed that the gross receipts, including the balance in June, 1877, of £2,700, amounted to £10,232. The total payments came to £7,391, leaving a balance of £2,840 in the hands of the bankers. The receipts comprised the sum of £6,500 from the lessee for the current year's rent. The dividend this year amounts to £11 17s. 6d., against that of last year of £12 10s. The committee regretted the loss of the Italian operas from the theatre, causing a fall in the value of the renters' shares, and the closing of the theatre during the summer months. The theatre had suffered severely from the disastrous times, doubly unfortunate because the lease had terminated in those times. Had it terminated under more prosperous circumstances the annual value of the lease would have been maintained, and the committee would not have had to announce a loss of £500 a year, partly, however, balanced by the sum of £5 for all nights over 200 being increased to £10. The report was adopted.



ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.—RACE FOR H.M. CUP.—FORMOSA OFF OSBORNE.

MUSIC.

It is the *morte saison* in London. The foreign singing birds have sped to other climes. The upper ten thousand are taking their pleasure more or less mournfully in Switzerland, Norway, or Paris. London is empty, and probably there are not more than a pitiful remnant of four million people to be found at this moment within the bills of mortality. The concert season will not reopen until October, nor shall we before then have a chance of having an operatic performance. Happily, the street organs and their greasy grinders are also out of town, the German bands with their seedy uniforms and their dissonant brass instruments are administering badly-played music in agonising doses to the bathers at our seaside pleasure places. But what is to be done by the Londoner who wishes to hear really good music, well executed? The answer is readily found. He should do, as between twenty and thirty thousand people did last week; he should go to the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. Here, on any night in the week, he may be sure of hearing fine performances of orchestral masterpieces, music of a lighter kind by way of relief, instrumental solos by the best players of the day, and choice vocal selections sung by the cream of our native vocalists. During the past week the high reputation attached to these concerts has not only been sustained but enhanced, and it every day becomes more and more obvious that the engagement of Mr. Arthur Sullivan has given powerful vitality to the enterprise over which he has been called to preside. Without entering into full details we may find sources of interest in a brief retrospect of recent musical events at Covent Garden.

The début of Madame Montigny-Rémaury on Saturday last claims special mention. This lady is one of the most eminent among modern French pianists, but her merits were comparatively unknown to English amateurs until last Saturday, as she had only once before been heard in London, and then at one of the thinly attended concerts of the Musical Union. Her brilliant execution of Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor elicited enthusiastic applause from the large audience collected at Covent Garden, and the plaudits which she obtained were thoroughly merited. She has that natural musical instinct which enables a performer to seize the inner meaning of a composition and to make it intelligible to others. The necessary technical skill she abundantly possesses, and her bravura playing is of the most finished kind. Every note is clearly articulated, the pedals are judiciously but sparingly used, and ample power is obtained, by the left hand as well as the right, without any appearance of effort, or any of those evidences of physical exertion which it is always unpleasant to behold. On the following Monday Madame Montigny-Rémaury played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brillant in B minor" with equal success, and at the classical concert on Wednesday last she played Beethoven's Concerto in C major with such admirably finished execution, combined with poetical expression and feeling, that her success was complete. In pieces of a lighter character Madame Montigny-Rémaury plays with the same finish of style, and it is to be regretted that an artist of such great and varied ability should stay with us so short a time. During the first five nights of next week she will play at Covent Garden, and after then she will be succeeded by the French violinist, M. Paul Viardot. He will be a welcome visitor, but we shall be reluctant to part with Madame Montigny-Rémaury.

The Beethoven Concerts have thus far proved remarkably attractive, although it is well known to amateurs that the 1st and 2nd Symphonies are less marked by the impress of Beethoven's individuality than those which succeeded them. The audience collected on Monday last, when the Beethoven Symphony No. 2 in D Major was performed, far exceeded the average, and the symphony was received with every mark of interest. A large number of the audience were seated, but between one and two thousand persons had to stand during the entire symphony. This they did for three-quarters of an hour, not only patiently, but with evident enjoyment; keeping reverent silence during each movement, and cheering heartily at every interval. The fact may redound to the fame of Beethoven, or may be dwelt on by Englishmen as a gratifying proof of musical culture; but at all events it is a significant commentary on the assertion of ignorant foreigners that "England is an unmusical country." The interesting announcement, that the first eight of Beethoven's symphonies would be played on the eight Mondays comprised in the Covent Garden Concert Season, was first made in the columns of this Journal, and we rejoice to find that the success of the scheme has fully equalled our anticipations. The programme also included the classical overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Masaniello*, the prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*, an intermezzo from Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and a grand selection from Gounod's *Faust*, with solos for five of our best instrumentalists—Mr. Radcliff (flute), Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), Mr. Horton (oboe), Mr. Hughes (ophicleide), and Mr. Howard Reynolds (cornet), and extra-orchestral parts for the band of the Coldstream Guards, under Mr. Fred Godfrey. Mr. Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute" was sung by Madame Rose Hersee in finished style, accompanied by the composer, who also played the pianoforte accompaniment to "The Lost Chord," which was sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling with her never-failing power of expression. Mdlle. Verdin's bright voice was effectively employed in Verdi's "Tacea la notte," and Mr. Federici sang in vigorous style the song "Were I the captain of the band," from Mr. Alfred Cellier's latest opera, *Bella Donna*. Madame Montigny-Rémaury, as we have already mentioned, played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brillant in B minor" with great success. The rest of the programme was composed of miscellaneous vocal and instrumental pieces.

At the classical concert on Wednesday last the chief attraction was Mendelssohn's Symphony (the "Italian") in A major. It has seldom been better played or more enthusiastically received. The Beethoven pianoforte concerto in C major (Madame Montigny-Rémaury), the overture to *Der Freischütz*, Mozart's "Vigile sapete," and Spohr's "Rose softly blooming" (Miss de Fonblanque), Weber's "O 'tis a glorious sight," and Mendelssohn's song, "The Garland" (Mr. Edward Lloyd), completed the "classical" first part of the concert. A choicer selection of high-class music could hardly have been provided at a Philharmonic concert. The eight pieces occupied over two hours in performance—surely enough for an epicure, if not for a glutton—and the succeeding half of the concert was of the "miscellaneous" kind, so offensive to musical purists, but included an orchestral selection from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, "Sally in our Alley," delightfully sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd, the March from *Tannhäuser*, &c. There are a few superior persons who sneer at the concerts because they are commercial speculations, and who declare that the "first parts" of the concerts, like that under notice, are "mere blinds" which cannot conceal the poverty of the rest of the entertainment. Surely such people must be prejudiced, or they would admit that four hours of none but classical music would be too much for most appetites. Under existing arrangements, the lovers of high-class music have it all their own way from 8 till 10 o'clock. But because they are classical, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Aye, marry! And ginger shall be hot 'i' the mouth of the unclassical music lover who, from 10 o'clock till nearly midnight is provided with popular ballads, operatic selections, marches, polkas, and waltzes!

The Friday Ballad Concerts are especially calculated to attract

the general public, and the first of the series drew the largest audience of the season. The second was given last night—too late for notice this week—and among the artists announced to appear were Madame Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Verdin, Miss Mary Davies, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. To-night a miscellaneous concert will be given, as usual, on Saturdays. On Monday next Beethoven's 3rd (the famous "Eroica") Symphony will be played, and Mesdames Rose Hersee, Antoinette Sterling and Montigny-Rémaury, Mdlle. Verdin, and other popular artists will assist. At the beginning of September, Mr. Santley and Mr. Charles Hallé will appear, and other engagements will hereafter be announced. We cannot close this notice of the great undertaking in which alone the public of London must rely for musical enjoyment during the next six weeks, without congratulating Mr. Arthur Sullivan on his brilliantly successful direction of the fine band placed under his guidance. He has been ably and zealously assisted by Mr. Alfred Cellier, and the duties of accompagneur have been carefully discharged by Mr. Marlois. The general arrangements reflect great credit on the taste and liberality of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti.

Mr. Henry Gadsby is engaged in writing the music of a cantata for Mr. Kuhe's Brighton concerts next year. The subject is taken from Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, which, if we are not mistaken, has already been adopted as the subject of a cantata, adapted by Mr. D. L. Ryan, composed by Signor Schira, and publicly performed at a provincial festival.

At the Alexandra Palace English Operas are now being performed on Saturday evenings. To-night *La Sonnambula* will be given, with Madame Rose Hersee as Amina, Miss Templeton (a *débutante*) as Lisa, Mr. Turner as Elvino, and Mr. Ludwig as Count Rodolfo. On Saturday next *Maritana* will be given, with Madame Blanche Cole as the gipsy heroine. Mr. Frederic Archer conducts these performances with great ability, and the Alexandra Palace Saturday Operas seem likely to become an established institution, if we may judge from the success which attended the performances of *Faust* a fortnight back and *Fra Diavolo* on Saturday last.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, we regret to hear, has lost the services of two of its most popular and able members, Mr. J. W. Turner and Mr. Ludwig. The latter gentleman has latterly been regarded as the legitimate successor of Mr. Santley in opera, and his withdrawal will be a heavy loss to the Carl Rosa Opera Company. It will also be difficult to replace so good a tenor as Mr. J. W. Turner.

At the recent "Eisteddfod," held at Menai Bridge, North Wales, Mr. Michael Maybrick, the composer of "Nancy Lee," and many other well-known songs, was initiated into the order of Welsh Bards as musician, and will henceforth be known as "Pencerdd Menai" in the Principality.

The rule which forbade the gift of musical instruments to the prize-winners at the Paris Conservatoire is practically a dead letter. At any rate the acceptance by the Ministre des Beaux-Arts of a grand piano, by Erard, for the winner of the first prize for piano-playing, is winked at, if not officially sanctioned. August Wolff, of the firm of Pleyel, gives four grand pianos for prize pianists; the firm of Gaud and Bernardel give a cello and a violin of their own make for prize winners on the respective instruments. M. Capoul, instead of taking a well-earned rest, is hard at work superintending the production of the Marquis d'Ivry's *Amants de Verone* at the Théâtre Lyrique. Chorus, band, scenery, and costumes all receive his attention, and as he was instrumental in persuading M. Escudier to accept the piece, he displays great interest in the success of the work, of which, however, he feels confident.—Madame Hamann has been engaged at the Grand Theatre, Marseilles.—The Centenary of La Scala, at Milan, was to have been celebrated by a grand performance at the expense of the renters, but these eminently practical gentlemen have concluded that it would be better to spend the money on repairs and decorations of the house.—This week the opera reopens in Vienna. Wagner's *Siegfried* is the first work down for performance, and Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* (libretto by Jules Barbier) is promised during the autumn. Gounod's *Phèdre et Baucis* is also down on the list, as well as Léo Délibé's charming ballet *La Source*. The Royal Museum of Dresden has just been enriched by a gift of Hindustani MSS. and musical instruments from the Kajah Sūrindrā Mohun, of Tagore, who has already made a similar gift to the Brussels Museum. The sculptor Kietz, of Dresden, has nearly finished a large bust of Franz Schumann to, be placed in the gardens of the Liederhalle, Stuttgart. There will be a festival on the occasion of the unveiling, and the Männergesangverein of Vienna have promised their aid.

Orphée Aux Enfers has been produced at the Gaité, Paris, under Offenbach's own supervision, with new dresses, scenery, and effects, and a redoubled success. Hervé takes Christian's part of Jupiter, and renders it in his own happy style. Léonc reappears as Pluto with more than his old success. Mdm. Peschard is an incomparable Eurydice, and adds one more to the list of her artistic triumphs. The awards in the musical section of the Paris Exhibition have been published. M. Cavaille-Coll receives the first prize for his grand organs; the firms of Erard and Pleyel a gold medal each for pianos; Erard also receives one for harps; Gaud and Bernardel Frères, stringed instrument makers, and Goumas, brass instrument makers, are also entitled to gold medals. These four firms—Erard, Pleyel, Gaud, and Goumas—are the only ones who have attained the maximum (viz., 20 points) in the opinion of the jury. Seventeen other gold medals are to be distributed, amongst the recipients of which we notice the names of MM. Henri Herz, Maugrot, Gaveaux, Courtois, Besson, &c. MM. Miremont and Cohn-Mézin receive silver medals.

M. Guilmant gave a grand recital last week to inaugurate the completion of the organ built by Cavaille-Coll in the Trocadéro Palace. The programme was chosen from the works of Handel, Bach, Lemmens, Mendelssohn, Martini, and Guilmant, and was much enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience.

A short time ago an operatic impresario and his newly engaged troupe set sail from Bordeaux to Guadalupe. The weather was superb, and everyone on deck. The artists began to talk to one another. Says one to his neighbour, "What's your line?" "First tenore robusto." "No, it can't be, I'm engaged for that." A third appears on the scene, hearing the subject of the conversation, and says, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but it is I who am engaged as sole first tenore robusto." "This is a little too much," chimes in a fourth; "here's my engagement; read it—First tenore robusto." Then they all four went for the director, and demanded an explanation. "Calm yourselves, gentlemen," said he, "you shall all appear in turn. The last time I went, I only took three first tenors; one died of yellow fever, another of snake-bite and a third of cholera. So you see, gentlemen, there need be no jealousy; the survivor will have no rival."

MR. R. L. ALMA-TADEMA has, according to the *Moniteur des Arts*, been nominated to a professorship at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Naples. "What a cosmopolitan artist!" says our French contemporary: "Born in Holland, naturalised in England, and now an Italian professor;"—*Art Journal*,

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J.—Many thanks for kind fulfilment of your promise.
TIGHT STAYS—You are right; there is a misprint; the White Queen ought to have been at Kt 4.
W. H. C.—Black for his second move can play K to Kt 4, and then White cannot mate next move.
A. E. S.—We shall be glad to receive the promised problems.
Solutions of Problem No. 198 by J. G., R. F., S. Howe, and Tight Stays, are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 190.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 2 K to K 6
2. B to Q 6 K to Q 5
3. Q to Q 2 mate.

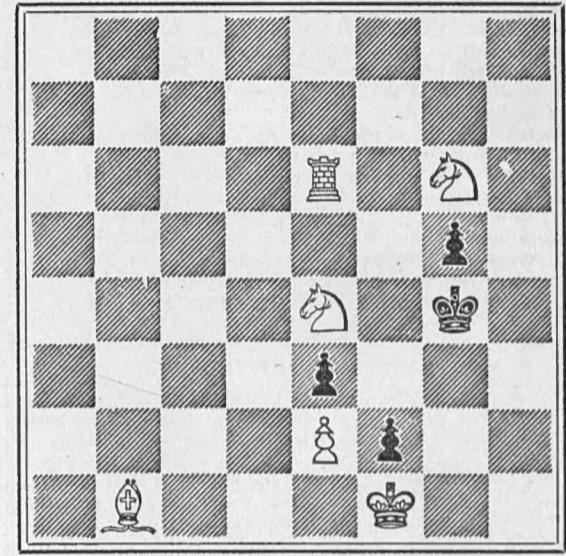
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 191.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 5 (ch) K takes Q
2. Kt to Kt 4 P takes Kt (dis. ch)
3. Kt to R 5 discovering mate.

PROBLEM 199.

By W. ATKINSON, of Montreal, (from Mr. Bird's "Chess Openings").

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

THE following game was played at the last meeting of the Counties' Chess Association between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw and Major Martin.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Earnshaw)	(Major Martin)	(Mr. Earnshaw)	(Major Martin)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. Q to Kt 2	K to K 2
2. Kt to K B 3	Q to Kt 2 B 3	17. B to Q B 4	K to B sq
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	18. Q R to Q B sq (d) C to Q sq	R to Q sq
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes P	19. K R to K sq	Kt takes Q P
5. P to B 3	H to B 4	20. Kt to K 4	Q to K B 5
6. Castles	P to Q 3	21. Q to Q Kt 3 (e) D to Q B 3	P to Q B 3
7. P to Q 4	P takes P	22. P to Kt 3 (d) Q to Kt 5	C to Kt sq
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3	23. B to R 3 (ch) K to Kt sq	P to K R 3
9. P to Q 5	Q K to K 2 (a)	24. Kt to Q 6	P to K R 3
10. P to K 5	B to Kt 5 (b)	25. B takes Kt (ch) P takes K	K to R 2
11. P takes P	Q takes P	26. Q takes P (ch) K to R 2	P to K B 6
12. B to K 2	P to K B 3	27. R to K 4 (e) Q to K B 6	K takes Kt (f)
13. Q to Kt 3	B takes Kt	28. B to B 5	Resigns.
14. Q takes B	Q K to Kt 3	29. Resigns.	
15. B to Kt 5 (ch)	K to B 2		

(a) Weak; Kt to R 4 is considered best.

(b) His proper course here was Kt to Kt 3.

(c) K R to K sq, en route to K 6, would have foiled Black's design on the Q P, and in many ways have strengthened his own position far more than the move made.

(d) White plays the whole of this game much below his strength; here he ought to have harassed his opponent by playing Q R to Q sq.

(e) Worse than use'less; the other Rook was the proper piece wherewith to accomplish his object, which clearly was the dislodgement of the Q.

(f) Neatly finished off; if B takes R, then Black's B takes B P (ch), and mates in three moves.

CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

On Friday, the 9th inst., Messrs. Mackenzie, Blackburn, Bird and Mason were entertained at dinner by the Committee of the above Club. The menu was excellent and the speeches suitable to the occasion. Amongst those present were Messrs. Clark, Gastineau, Manning, Gumpel, Cubison, Heywood, Potter, Duffy, Macdonell, Down, Heardsall, Mossop, and Gordon Smith. The evening passed very pleasantly, the most noticeable event therein being an announcement made by Mr. MacDonell, that Captain Mackenzie would be prepared on his return from Scotland next week, to play a match with Herr Zukertort, the present Chess Champion of the World.

COUNTIES' CHESS ASSOCIATION—We are obliged once more to defer our remarks on the conduct of the Committee of this Society.

"THE WESTMINSTER PAPERS" of this month is an admirable, indeed, we may say without exaggeration, a wonderful number. It contains fifty-five of the games played in the late Paris Tourney; all briefly but carefully and cleverly annotated by Mr. W. N. Potter. This budget comprises exclusively the games of the prize-winners. The happy thought of making such a selection was originated, we believe, by Mr. Duffy. A very remarkable incident in connection with this achievement is that the last game in the tournament which decided the first prize in favour of Herr Zukertort, and which was played on the 31st of July, was actually printed in London on the 1st of August and published on the following morning. We understand that a still larger number of games will appear in this periodical next month so that a complete set of all the games played at the Paris congress can be obtained by the purchaser of the July, August, and September numbers. Notwithstanding the great expenses incurred in the production of such an array of games, the price of "The Papers" has not been raised. The "Westminster Papers" may not be the only magazine in this country devoted exclusively to chess, but certainly no chess magazine of the present or past time is comparable to it; whether we consider freshness of news, quantity of matter, excellence of games, correctness of annotation, and general information respecting the game and its votaries in all parts of the world. For the rich treat afforded in this month's number, our special thanks are due to the liberal and spirited proprietor, Mr. C. Mossop.

M. FEODOR DE ZUBOVITZ, an Hungarian officer of Hussars, has arrived in London, and it is reported he intends attempting the novel feat of swimming from Dover to Calais on horseback. As a preliminary exercise he will swim with his horse in the course of next week from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich or Woolwich, thus demonstrating that his swimming apparatus for horses will enable troops of horsemen to cross, with all their accoutrements, rivers where bridges do not exist or have been destroyed by the enemy.

THE French Government has recently sustained a great loss by the death of Ceylon, by Idle Boy out of Pearl, who won the Grand Prize of Paris for the Duke of Beaufort in 1866, and who for the last seven or eight years has been stationed at the Tarbes stallion dépôt. His produce have been much liked in the district, most of them being the offspring of half-bred mares. His place has been taken by Mandrake, who was purchased by the French Government last autumn for something like 3,000gs.

THE DRAMA.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Proof continues to go well at the Adelphi. The management have taken advantage of certain unavoidable changes in the cast to re-habilitate the entire representation, and Saturday last marked a new epoch in the history of this powerfully-conceived drama. Mr. Henry Neville replaced Mr. Charles Kelly in the character of Pierre Lorance. The part is one which requires precisely those dramatic powers in which this popular actor excels, and his re-appearance on those Adelphi boards, upon which he won his earlier laurels, brought to our mind many a now forgotten drama. Mr. Neville plays Pierre Lorance throughout with realistic force, and amply justified his selection as the successor to Mr. Charles Kelly. At the end of each act an enthusiastic and admiring audience marked their approval of Mr. Neville's acting by calling him before the curtain. The scenic appointments of *Proof* are also new, and are as tasteful and effective as anything of the kind that has been shown at the Adelphi in our memory. For the scene in the park of the Chateau D'Aubeterre particularly Messrs. Lloyds, the scenic artists, deserve praise. Altogether the new auspices under which *Proof* is represented at the Adelphi augur for it a continued and prosperous run.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

It surprised us to discover what a really fine house the Victoria Theatre is when re-decorated and brightened up, as it has been by the new managers, Mr. J. A. Cave and Mr. Albert West. The "nobility and gentry of the New-cut and vicinity," as Sam Grudge would put it, have now a dramatic temple, which can vie in magnificence with similar establishments in the West. What matters it if to the critical eye the "new and beautiful act-drop" be somewhat too appallingly brilliant of colour, so long as it is to the liking of the "nobility and gentry" aforesaid. The accomplished scenic artist, Mr. John Johnson, well knew the style of art that would appeal to the audiences who were nightly to sit in front of his work of art, and he accordingly painted up to their level. As the new act-drop, so is the new drama, uncompromisingly, positive in colour, and constructed with an eye to the broadest of broad effects. It is called *Life's Battle; a Story of the River Thames*, and although we arrived too late to see the "Prologue 1870—three new lives," the remaining four acts gave us enough dramatic food for the reflections of a week. The particular *casus belli* in *Life's Battle* on this occasion was the recovery of a mysterious packet of letters upon which the lives, hopes, happiness, peace, reputations of at least one half of the *dramatis personæ* seemed to depend. The plot of the drama is a sort of prolonged game of hide and seek over this portentous packet, and not even the precious document in Sardou's *Pattes des Moudres* goes through anything like the vicissitudes that occur to this. The chief character in the play is one Job Rawson, who is variously described in the successive acts as "Coiner," "Discarded," "Artful," and "Departing." This character, which is played by Mr. J. Arnold Cave, was, he informs us, "written expressly for his friend, the late eminent actor," George Belmore. Joe Rawson is an unconscionable rogue and scoundrel, whose nature is to an extent redeemed by the devoted love he bears to his motherless daughter. At least half his misdemeanours are perpetrated with a view to righting the wrongs of his injured girl, and the eventual sacrifice of his life at the moment when he has successfully foiled the iniquity of the arch-villain of the drama may allowably be styled "Old Joe's Atonement." We may say at once that Mr. Cave's performance of the character of Joe Rawson is vigorous, sustained, and clever. If it does not attain to power, it is full of a certain practical force that does not fail to give the portrait an artistic value, howsoever roughly it may be drawn. The unflagging energy and earnestness which distinguish all Mr. Cave's efforts are prominent in this instance, and the interest of the audience is centred in his performance from the beginning to the end of the piece. It would be little use to follow out the coils of the under-plot of *Life's Battle*. Suffice it to say that there is a "bad" villain (if we may be allowed to call him so in contradistinction to Mr. Cave's "good" villain), than whom a worse villain we have seldom seen even in a Victoria melodrama. This worthy, who rejoices in the name of Maximilian Brand, is played in the most approved style by Mr. Charles Beverly. There is a manly hero, Harry Dempster, bravely suffering unmerited obloquy, and uttering noble sentiments in a voice of thunder, played by Mr. J. P. Percival. There is a fair and virtuous heroine, named poetically Ivy Dale, played by a Miss Jenny Lee, who does not display any of the ability of the gifted actress whose name she bears, but is nevertheless fairly adequate to the demands of a not too exacting rôle. There is a low comedy part, Mr. Gubbins, alias Dashing D'Orsey, played amusingly by Mr. King Bolton. There is Joe's betrayed daughter, played by Miss Henrique, and many other minor characters, played by ladies and gentlemen whose names we apologise for having forgotten. The performances concluded with the *Wayside Inn*.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Diplomacy is a piece which owes much of its success to its English title and to the happy circumstance of its having been produced at a time when political agitation forced the mind of the public in the direction of political diplomacy. The piece itself is not at all equal to the average merit of M. Sardou, and in its English dress it has not acquired any additional brilliancy or attraction. But however these things may be, *Diplomacy* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre has been a most successful production. The alterations in the cast owing to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on a pleasure tour to the Engadine, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal on a business tour through the provinces, are naturally considerable. To begin with, Miss Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft) is replaced by Miss Sophie Young in the part of the Countess Zicka. The adventuress Zicka is not an easy part to play, but Mrs. Bancroft invested it with an individual interest that it seems to be her peculiar faculty to infuse into any part she undertakes. So that it is pleasant to be able to congratulate Miss Sophie Young upon a successful appearance in the same rôle. The Count Orloff of Mr. Forbes Robertson is excellent. Mr. Henry Kemble, in the part originally played by the seductive Sugden, acts with his customary care and intelligence. Mr. Conway in Mr. Kendal's part, and Miss Amy Roselle in Miss Madge Robertson's, are both efficient. Altogether, with the altered cast, *Diplomacy* is as attractive a piece as heretofore, and to judge by the audiences has lost nothing of its popularity.

"MARY WARNER" AT THE LYCEUM.

Mr. Henry Irving has gone into the provinces to continue his good work of encouraging the legitimate drama, and in his absence Miss Bateman has produced at the Lyceum Mr. Tom Taylor's strong drama, *Mary Warner*. In the character of Mary Warner, the much-injured heroine of the drama, Miss Bateman has an opportunity of displaying that power of tragic characterisation which distinguishes her style. Miss Bateman was strongly supported by Mr. James Fernandez, and also by Mr. E. D. Lyons. The drama of *Mary Warner* is, perhaps, a trifle too lachrymose

and one-sided; it is, however, as illustrated by Miss Bateman, a piece well worth going to see, the interest it contains being of a domestic nature that appeals powerfully to playgoers.

We are glad to see that Mr. Fred Mervin has recovered from his recent severe illness, and is again playing his original part of Julian in *Fatinitza*, at the Alhambra, with his customary vigour and success.

Messrs. Hayne, Williams, and Allison will open their new Variety Theatre, at the St. James's Hall, Liverpool, on August 26. The object they have in view, and the class of entertainment they mean to provide, may be guessed from the following preliminary note which they print upon their announcements:—"When man is tired he needs recreation and enjoyment, he needs something that for a time will wean him from his cares, and mitigate his troubles and anxieties. In witnessing an entertainment that is light, varied, and pleasing, he will forget that life looked weary and sad to him, and he will return to his home with a much more cheerful heart, and a better countenance."

At the termination of the first tour of the Comedy Opera Company, in Sheffield, last Saturday, Mr. S. H. S. Austin the courteous acting manager and treasurer, was presented with a very handsome silver-mounted dressing-case, specially made by Mappin and Webb, and bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. S. H. S. Austin by the members of the 'Sorcerer' Company, in appreciation of his efforts to promote their comfort during the tour. August 10, 1878." We are pleased to hear that Mr. Austin has been re-engaged for the new tour commencing September 9th, at Bradford. The company is now hard at work rehearsing the *Pinafore*, which opera, in addition to the *Sorcerer* will be played through the provinces on the next tour.

Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte has left town for a few days' rest, which he is taking at Dalkey, near Dublin.

The following *impromptu* was written at the seaside by Mr. Frank Toole, the well-known toastmaster, and brother of the better known comedian, J. L. Toole, to congratulate Messrs. Cave and West on the opening of the Victoria Theatre:—

"Reserve your bumpers, your cheering save,
Till success we drink to West and Cave.
With managers these partners rank the best—
West famous in the South, Cave famous in the West.
Here finding laurels, new, bright, and glorious,
With victory victor's 'Victoria' victorious!"

Soul-stirring, Frank, but slightly mixed up.

The next Christmas Pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, will be entitled *Puss in Boots*. At the Theatre Royal *The Yellow Dwarf* will be the subject chosen.

Mr. J. K. EMMET's engagement at the Prince's Theatre last week was unprecedentedly successful, and the receipts for the six nights reached the prodigious sum of £1,000.

The aristocracy are evidently endeavouring to make the histrionic profession an eligible occupation for younger sons of noble families and the daughters of the same, whose faces are their only fortunes. We read in the Scotch papers that Mr. Richard Drummond, who belongs to one of the oldest families in Scotland, the Drummonds of Hawthornden (the family which provided the famous seventeenth century poet, who was made immortal as the host of Ben Jonson), has just appeared on the Glasgow stage in *Rob Roy*.

The wondrous Girards, who, for the past three months, have been delighting provincial audiences with their extraordinary performances, have left for the Continent, and after fulfilling their engagements at Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, and other principal towns and cities, will return to the Alhambra Theatre, London, for Christmas.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has gone to Switzerland. The precise scene of his inevitable "accident," we believe, has not yet been fixed.

Mr. J. H. Ryley, who for the past five months has been appearing with great success as "John Wellington Wells" in *The Sorcerer*, has received a very tempting offer to appear in operabouffe in Australia, but, being re-engaged for the next tour of the Comedy Opera Company, he is unable to accept it. We are glad of this, as Mr. Ryley, who is rapidly coming to the front, is too good a comedian to be taken from us.

Romeo and Juliet was played on Thursday week at the Crystal Palace in a most diverting manner. The text was submitted to various ingenious alterations, such as "The more I have the more I give to thee" for Juliet's perfect description of the inexhaustibility of love, "The more I give to thee the more I have." It is a curious fact that when actors mangle as well as mouth the sentiments given them to utter they always select those to which the process means the annihilation at once of beauty and sense. The above is an example of this, and I remember hearing Hamlet's father make the extraordinary assertion that "thoughts without words never to Heaven go." The Scotch clergyman who pointed out the remarkable mi-print occurring in all editions of Shakespeare's works, and never before noticed, by which the bard is made to say, "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," when what he really said was undoubtedly, "Stones in the running brooks, sermons in book, and good in everything," may of course be excused on the score of his nationality and clericalship, but nothing can extenuate such idiotic inventions on the part of professors of the histrionic art. In other respects, Romeo and Juliet were even more funny. As the latter, Miss Bella Pateman was so in earnest that she shouted herself hoarse; and her management, even in the paroxysms of love and the agonies of death, of her six yards of tail, which she again and again kicked into its right position with infinite tact and grace, was beyond praise. A few months ago I praised this actress, but she has now fallen into exaggerations and mannerisms, that I take back what I then wrote. As Romeo, Terrell created a marked impression by dying so near the footlights that the descending curtain would have divided him in twain; and being warned of this by the expiring Juliet, he indulged in *post mortem* convulsions, by means of which he at length became defunct within the limits prescribed for such *dénouements*.—Truth.

A MEETING has recently been held at Marlborough House, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, with the view of advancing the science and art of music, and of founding a Royal and National College of Music. At present the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School for Music have no connection. It is proposed with the assent of the managers of both these institutions, to consider the best methods of bringing them into connection, so that they may co-operate in promoting higher education in the art of music, and form the basis for a new college on a more extended and permanent footing than any existing institution. An executive committee, under the presidency of Prince Christian, has been appointed, and will confer with representatives of both these institutions. In the autumn the Prince of Wales proposes to invite to a conference the chief representatives of the corporations interested in founding the new college.

MESSRS. WARD and Co., of Piccadilly, have introduced a novelty, of considerable attractiveness to all who fish or shoot, from Canada in the shape of canoes light and portable, for conveyance by train with the passenger, and at one fare. They are not made of birch bark but of wood, and are altogether well worth notice,

SPORT AND THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, August 1st, 1878.

"COMING events cast their shadows before," in the shape of three-sheet posters, and the prospects are, I regret to say, that many of the posters now visible are events that portend shadows in the theatrical firmament. At Wallack's Theatre a Bouc-cautious version of *Clarissa Harlowe* will open the season. In it the gay young seducer Lovelace will be Mr. Coghlan, and as he will have to practise his wiles and wickedness on his sister Rose, who will be the leading lady of Wallack's Theatre again next season, it is a conundrum how the public will accept the piece. It looks like a bad policy for a manager to engage a brother and sister to do the leading business, as the public is a queer creature, and there are some things that even it will not stand, and I think this is one of them. The Union-square Theatre commences a "preliminary season" with Mr. Wills's version of *Olivia*, Miss Fanny Davenport doing the vicar's lively daughter.

The Lyceum Theatre is to be opened by Miss Kate Claxton with a translation of *Forchambault*. There is nothing in the past or present of this theatre that enables me to predict any success in the future for it. The theatre will be opened without any plan of operations, and will be run without any, as long as it remains open. The Broadway Theatre will be opened this season by Messrs. George Edgar and Chandos Fulton, and the star system will prevail during the continuation of its life. The Park Theatre will open in September with Bronson Howard's comedy of *Hurricanes*. The Grand Opera House will repeat its policy of playing the successes of other theatres at reduced prices. Niblo's Garden will continue to present melodramatic curiosities, of a pre-Adamic era, by the stock company that originally produced them. Mr. Mapleson has leased the Academy of Music for an operatic season, and will attempt the fearful risk with small chances of success in his favour. Most of his operas have been presented here before with much stronger casts than he can give them, and they were a losing speculation then, when times were good, and money flush. Experience has proved the fact that there is no money for the manager in producing Italian opera in America. The public demand the very best the market affords, and there are too few who will pay for it, to make it a paying speculation. From the foregoing remarks your readers will see that I have no very flattering hopes for the coming season in this city. I have not—neither can I say a single reason on which to build any such hopes. If there is a time in my life when I like to be called a "false prophet," it is when I prognosticate failure, and no one will be better pleased than the writer should I so prove to be in this regard.

Mr. Sothern arrived on Sunday last in the Adriatic, and will remain in this country but a short time. Mr. Sothern was interviewed on Sunday by members of the press, and made some statements that are, to say the least of it, decidedly out of place. In all Mr. Sothern's remarks he has striven to impress the idea that the *Crushed Tragedian* failed in England because it had been an American success, and that the people whom Mr. Sothern took to England were not well received, solely because they were American actors. For instance, Mr. Sothern remarked to the *Sun* reporter, in answer to the journalist's question, "About the reception of the *Crushed*, Mr. Sothern?" "I will simply say that the overture, which was conducted by an American leader whom I had taken over, was hissed; that Miss Mortimer was hissed before she spoke one line, and that Mr. Holland was hissed from the stage." Now such remarks as these Mr. Sothern is wrong to make. There are many English actors now in America, and Mr. Sothern himself announces his intention of bringing over a company of English artists to support him on his American tour next winter, and such things as these have a decided tendency to influence the minds of some people, even to the point of retaliation, for the wrongs which they infer, from what Mr. Sothern says have been heaped upon American actors by the British public, solely on account of their nationality. Mr. Sothern, who has a large clientele in England as well as America, should be at least more politic than to give utterance to such statements. There is no more generous public in the world than is the English, and Mr. Sothern on your side of the Atlantic should be the first to acknowledge it. In America he talks differently; but a man who has the reputation of being as "smart" as is Mr. Sothern, should be above such petty spitefulness. Why could he not have had the manly courage to say what we all know to be the truth, "the *Crushed* failed in England, because the exaggeration becomes tiresome and offensive after one scene, and had been so much better played originally in England that I had no chance in it. And as for the people that I took over, they would not be acceptable to a metropolitan audience in America. They are good provincial people, but I had no right to expect that they would be successful before either a London or New York audience." This would have been truthful and more generous towards the people to whom Mr. Sothern returns in a few days to ask for patronage.

While on this subject, let me mention the fact that Miss Fanny Davenport has just returned from England, and has had herself interviewed, so as to be able to get the statement in print that there are prejudices in England against American actors." Miss Davenport is, or has been the intimate friend of Augustin Daly, and was for several years a member of his stock company. Since Mr. Daly's downfall, she has attempted "starring" in the provinces, and for this season purchased from French and Son, the version of *Olivia* now playing at the Court Theatre. On this account she seems to have become impressed with the idea that every manager in London knew her, and would be glad to throw open his theatre to her, and, in default of this, becomes charged with gall at English customs and English acting. Did Miss Davenport confine herself to truth, or even a probability of it, it would be certainly more ladylike. You will be pleased, doubtless, to hear that English acting "is so tame, so excessively quiet, as to give an idea of histrionic inanity," and that this is pushed so far "that even London audiences begin to yawn."

Miss Davenport also tells one reporter that Mr. Wills did not treat her rudely, he only "treated me after the English fashion, that is all;" and to another journalist she said that Mr. Wills invited her to dinner, and partook of his meal in her company with his hat on! Naughty Mr. Wills! Fortunately too many Americans have visited England before Miss Davenport for her twaddle to be believed, for they have received at the hands of our English professional brethren too many courtesies, kindnesses, and attentions to permit such gratuitous falsifying to pass unnoticed.

WILLIE.

On August 31 Mr. Edward Compton will conclude a ten months' engagement with Miss Wallis, during which time he has played the leading parts with her in all her pieces round the country, and in September he will open at Drury Lane Theatre, where he is engaged by Mr. Chatterton to play the juvenile leading business.

A YOUNG English singer, Miss Bottenheim, has made a decidedly promising début in Rome as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, under the stage name of Luisa Bordogni. Italian papers speak well of the culture and modulation of her voice.—*Examiner*.



Rounding the "Devil's elbow". Glen Coe





ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

DECISIVE as the victory of the thirteen men of Kent was over All England, the utter defeat of the M.C.C. and Ground, despite their having the great Grace among them, by the home twelve will cause the Canterbury week of 1878 to go down to posterity with a special record. All Kent, one might almost say, was present to witness the match, and perhaps the presence of an overwhelming number of the lasses who love a cricketer had something to do with the extra exertions of the local team.

Although I have never been one of those to laud the champion, as his admirers call him, up to the skies, I yet am not going to pretend that I consider he showed his true form at the St. Lawrence Grounds last week. The fact, however, that even the great cricketer he has proved himself, does not prevent him from finding an equal, should give heart to those who "cave in" directly they see his name among the list of their opponents.

If George Hearne, a mere baby to Grace, can get his wicket for a duck, and Mr. A. Penn ditto for a single, why should not others do the same? Perhaps some will want to know what reply I shall make to the argument that W. G. is as good in the field as at the wicket, so that the comparison drawn through a solitary misfortune is odious. Anticipating such a challenge, I will say, How about Hearne's 83 run out and 60 not out, Mr. F. Penn's 51, and Lord Harris's 93, against the combined efforts of such bowlers as Shaw, Morley, W. G. Grace, Midwinter, Ridley, G. F. Grace, Cottrell, and Powys? I am rather of an opinion that, with such opponents as those I mention, even the best of our batsmen would have not been ashamed of the scores particularised.

Every dog has his day, so we are much too often assured, and I am inclined to think that W. G. is not the man he was, for the wear and tear he has had to go through must now begin to tell, and no one can deny that he has not this year shown form up to his average; at any rate my fancy inclines that way, although I shall be open to conviction if any of my readers consider I require it.

However, I must now try back to the discussion proper of the second match of the C.W., viz., the one Kent v. M.C.C. and Ground, twelve a side, the opening features of which I gave last week. At 4.45 on Wednesday the game was opened by Messrs. McKinnon and F. Penn, who generally start for Kent, opposed to the bowling of W. Grace and Morley. Things looked bad when McKinnon retired, bowled by W. G. before a score had been made, but his successor, Mr. C. A. Absalom, was a worthy partner to Mr. F. Penn, the pair being very busy until 44 appeared on the board, when Mr. Absalom was bowled. Amidst cheers Hearne wended his way to the wicket, and he and Mr. Penn played havoc with the other side, hitting the bowling about to such an extent that W. G., Morley, Shaw, Cottrell, Ridley, and Powys in turn were put on ere a separation could be effected by Mr. Penn being caught at slip by Cottrell for a grandly played 51. Lord Harris followed on, but his partnership with Hearne was soon dissolved, as the Kentish captain did not fairly get hold of one of Cottrell's, and hitting it with the side of his bat only, C. C. Clarke, by a great effort at cover-slip, just reached it in time, and his lordship had to retire without any change in the score taking place. Mr. Yardley followed on, but almost immediately another grand catch (this time at mid-off) by A. S. Barnes, who almost came a cropper with the effort, caused his return to the pavilion, the last two wickets falling for three runs—five for 95. Hearne's next partner was the Hon. Ivo Bligh, and they played out time, the score then standing 107 for five wickets.

A resumption was made on Thursday at 11.40, when the ground was crowded with a company which would almost have placed the lawn at Goodwood in the shade, the lovely weather causing the ladies to patronise their own particular day as they should. Morley and W. G. were deputed to open the contest against the not-outs, Hearne and Hon. Ivo Bligh, but the latter had to vacate his post when the score stood 136, Morley bowling him. Mr. Foord-Kelcey now joined the professional, and their united efforts drove the supporters of Kent almost mad with enthusiasm. Round after round of applause greeted them as they fairly collared the M.C.C. bowling, and the score rapidly rose, until at 193 Mr. Foord-Kelcey ran himself out. Mr. R. S. Jones filled the vacancy, but a misunderstanding caused his retirement, as he was run out for a single, and C. F. Tufnell reigned in his stead; and shortly afterwards, the score standing at 210, the luncheon-bell was rung.

Whether the refreshments were of too kindly a character or no I wot not, but the post-prandial display of the Kentish batsmen was, to say the least, far from brilliant, as Tufnell, Ingram, and A. Penn were unable to do anything for their side, six runs only being added ere the last-named was c. Shaw b. W. G. Grace, and the first innings of Kent was brought to a close for 216 runs, Hearne carrying out his bat for sixty. The Kentish professional went in with the score at 44, and saw no fewer than 172 more made, his own contribution consisting of five 4's, three 3's, nine 2's and singles, gained by sound honest cricket.

Marylebone did not long delay before they sent Messrs. A. W. Anstruther and W. Grace to the wickets, Lord Harris having delegated Mr. A. Penn and Hearne to represent the opposition. Off the third ball of the former Mr. Anstruther was caught by Bligh behind the bowler, and Mr. Mitchell joined W. G. The new-comer drove Hearne sharp for 3, but immediately afterwards a burst of applause announced that the Kentish professional had clean bowled W. Grace. (Two for 3.) Mr. Ridley followed on, to be dismissed after a single, Hearne catching him at slip. Off A. Penn, Cottrell, who had come in, gave a hot chance to cover-point, but it was not accepted; however, he was had shortly afterwards by Yardley off the same bowler. (Four for 34.) Together Mitchell and C. C. Clarke managed to bring the score up a trifl, but the former had to go for a grandly compiled 31, a brilliant catch at cover-point by Absalom off Foord-Kelcey, who had deposed Hearne, effecting his retirement. Barnes partnered Clarke, and made a fair stand until the first-named was dismissed by Foord-Kelcey, and his successor, Captain Kingscote, had only added 5 when he put too much powder into a leg-bit at one of Penn's, and knocked his own wicket down at the same time. (Seven for 79.) After being joined by G. A. Webbe, Clarke did but little, being taken at the wicket by Ingram, after obtaining 33 runs by careful cricket at a critical period. Powys was next in, but having landed Foord-Kelcey for 4, that bowler had his revenge, and faintly cut his wicket to pieces. (Nine for 89.) Shaw did not long remain, and having made 5 was bowled by Foord-Kelcey, who also directly afterwards got rid of Webbe, and so Morley had the pleasure of carrying his bat out for 4.

After a brief recess M.C.C. had to follow on, being in a minority of 107 runs, Messrs. Anstruther and W. Grace opening proceedings, Messrs. Foord-Kelcey and A. Penn being entrusted to oppose them. The—I was going to say champion—crack Gloucestershire player was again out of it, and when he had scored a single was clean bowled by Mr. Penn, and the bad luck of the West End club was continued, as Mr. Ridley, the new comer, had only contributed 3 when Mr. Jones caught him at mid-off, and Captain Kingscote and Mr. Cottrell also were disposed of for a single between the pair. Mr. Mitchell then partnered Mr. Anstruther, and these two got well set, but when time was called only 33 runs appeared on the scoring board, and four valuable wickets had been taken.

Why the special correspondents, after going mad on Thursday over the company and the way in which the fair sex were attired, should be equally imbecile over the sparse attendance on the next day I cannot imagine, unless it be that the sport was so bad that they shut up their note-books and went to sleep, and were obliged to fall back on the fact for padding. A little before noon the two not-outs, Messrs. Mitchell and Anstruther, took up their positions at the wickets, Mr. A. Penn and Hearne being the bowlers. Both the batsmen were in form, and they punished the bowling to such a tune that Mr. Foord-Kelcey relieved Hearne, and the change was advantageous, as in his first over Foord-Kelcey settled the pretensions of Anstruther, who as a slogger is always dangerous when he gets his eye in, his 43 being well earned. Mr. Clarke came in, but a beautifully judged catch just off the ground by Absalom at mid-off got rid of him when he had put together 11. Mr. Barnes came and went with but little delay, and was followed by Mr. Webbe, who brought about another change in the bowling. Hearne coming on again in place of Foord-Kelcey. I cannot imagine why Mr. Webbe was held over. He played very patient cricket, and would, to my thinking, have been well placed had he been put on the list for first wicket down. With the score at 102, Mitchell sent a hot one in the neighbourhood of the Hon. Ivo Bligh, and although the latter held it, he did so somewhat after the style of a man at a swell feed does a potatoe which he somewhat hastily puts in his mouth without previously gauging its temperature. Mr. Mitchell's 43 were played for, and thoroughly deserved. Of the M.C.C. innings, nothing further need be said than that it closed for 126, and that Mr. Webbe carried his bat out.

With but 20 runs to make, Messrs. Absalom and A. Penn shortly afterwards went to the wickets, opposed to the bowling of Shaw and Morley, and when but a couple of runs had been obtained, Mr. Mitchell had Mr. Penn very cleverly at the wicket, and the incomer, Ingram, had barely started ere he had to retire, c. b and Shaw. Mr. Jones opened with a 4 to square-leg off Morley, and then ought to have been taken at the wicket, but escaped, and after a very loose bit of cricket, victory declared for Kent by nine wickets. Score:—

KENT.	
F. Penn c Shaw b Cottrell	51
F. A. Mackinnon c Kingscote b	1
W. G. Grace	0
C. A. Absalom b W. G. Grace	21
Hearne not out	60
Lord Harris c Clarke b Cottrell	0
W. Yardley c Barnes b W. G. Grace	3
Hon. Ivo Bligh b Morley	19
Ingram c and b Shaw o, A. Penn c Mitchell b Morley o, Total	20
Total	216

M.C.C. AND GROUND.	
A. W. Anstruther c Bligh b Penn	0
W. G. Grace b Arne	0
R. A. H. Mitchell c Absalom b Foord-Kelcey	43
A. W. Ridley c Hearne b A. Penn	31
C. F. Cottrell c Yardley b A. Penn	8
C. C. Clarke c Ingram b A. Penn	33
A. S. Barnes b Foord-Kelcey	5
Captain Kingscote hit wkt, b A. Penn	5
G. A. Webbe b Foord-Kelcey	9
W. N. Powys b Foord-Kelcey	4
Shaw b Foord-Kelcey	5
Morley not out	4
B	4
Total	109
Total	116

As a wind-up, a scratch match was got up, Gentlemen of Kent v. Neighbouring Counties, the former of course being again captained by Lord Harris. The Kentish captain won the toss, and elected to act on the defence, at 3.20. No great form was shown, no fewer than four players going out for "ducks," and the total score being but 93, which at the call of time the amalgamated team had exceeded by 5. Play was commenced on Saturday, but whether Jupiter Pluvius thought he had been quite kind enough, and that he could stand old Sol's chaff no longer, or, on the other hand, the Kentish men did not want to have their week's glories dimmed, and therefore squared the fickle old clerk of the weather, I know not; at any rate, the rain came down so thick, that cricket became out of the question, and a draw was the result, all in favour of the Neighbouring Counties, who had made 133 and two wickets to fall.

The I Zingari last Thursday and Friday were all to pieces, most probably owing to the over-hospitality of Lord Londesborough and the Hon. B. Lawly; at any rate, they could not make a respectable fight of it with the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, who beat them in one innings with 12 runs to the good; however, a one innings match between the same elevens resulted in a turning of the tables.

Gentlemen of Sussex v. Nondescripts was brought to a conclusion on Saturday, at Brighton, rain falling so heavily that after a twenty minutes' trial play was abandoned, the result being a draw all in favour of the visitors, who made 218 against 171 for the loss of eight wickets, one of the not-outs, Mr. A. S. Francis, having contributed 72.

M.C.C. and Ground v. Somerset, on Friday and Saturday, was also brought to an untoward conclusion owing to the all-powerful visit of the rainy god, there being nothing in it up to the time of the draw. The London Club made 79 in their first essay, and the visitors 81, the latter having run up a similar score for the loss of six wickets in their second innings.

It was a great pity that the elements stopped the play in the Lancashire v. Yorks match at Huddersfield. The home county only got together 47 runs in their opening innings, and Lancashire set them 123, Hornby making 43 of these. Ulyett and Lockwood came to the rescue, however, at the second attempt, the former getting 91 (not out) and the latter 30, whilst the full score was 151 for three wickets.

Cambridge University Long Vacation Club were opposed to M.C.C. and Ground on Monday and Tuesday last at the University Ground. The visitors were a very moderate sample, and were easily defeated all but by an innings, i.e., the Cantabs made the required runs without the loss of a wicket. For M.C.C. C. F. M. Munday made 43 out of 88 in the first innings, the only total worth recording, whilst for the University H. Pipp (57) was top scorer, and was not out for a dozen in the second, he and the Hon. A. Lyttelton knocking up the required 32 between them.

The Australians have been very unlucky indeed this week. On Monday, at Dudley, they commenced a match against the local eighteen. In their first innings they all went for 59, but their opponents did even worse, their combined efforts only realising 33. C. Bannerman 50, Boyle 41, and Horan 36, did so well for the Antipodean team that 23 runs were registered to them before the last wicket fell on Wednesday. The home side went in, but when but one run had been made rain fell so heavily that the game had to be abandoned until four o'clock, when an attempt was made to get through with it, but after seven wickets for 40 runs they had to give up for good.

Devonshire Park v. M.C.C. was commenced on Wednesday at Eastbourne, the visitors going in and making 212, out of which Mr. E. A. Parkes contributed 86 by good steady play. The home team had up to the conclusion of the first day's play made 73 for the loss of three wickets, but the result of the match had not reached me at the time of going to press.

Yorkshire v. Sussex return, at Brighton, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday was a tame, uninteresting affair, the Sussex

players only making such miserable shows as 35 and 24, and being defeated by 226 runs. Emmett (30), Greenwood (47), and Hall (31 not out and 51) doing yeoman service for the Tykes.

Equally poor was the play on the part of Nottingham in their match with Gloucester, at Clifton, the latter team winning easily by 109 runs, their two innings producing 127 and 137, top-scorer Moberly 52, against 84 and 71 for Notts.

At Kennington Oval, England v. Gloucester; at Lord's, M.C.C. v. Herts; at Manchester, Australians v. Lancashire; and at Brentwood, M.C.C. v. Essex (return), with many other matches, were in progression at the time of writing, and I shall deal with them in detail next week.

What a fuss the London division are making of Higgins, but then they have had a precedent given by the Tyne people over Boyd. Perhaps, however, the journal which delights in the honour of holding other people's money may have been at the bottom of it, with the Yankee idea of an advertisement. If this sort of game is to be carried on we shall next hear of banquets to Sheffield handicap winners, successful jockeys, big scorers at cricket, &c. Only the other day the leading corporation of England were in doubt whether or no they ought to publicly feed one of our greatest statesmen; no wonder there should be a doubt in the matter.

A cablegram from New York dated August 12 states that the race in which Hanlon and Ross were engaged in was won by the former easily by six lengths, Plaisted being third. I hope he will take it into his head to come over here and let our cracks try his mettle.

Billiard players must be rather amused by the correspondence going on in a contemporary between Cook and Roberts. I should certainly stand the former's veracity. Cook has always been straightforward in his dealings, and perhaps I may be prejudiced in his favour owing to the gratuitous insults the younger Roberts has invariably offered the members of the fourth estate. What shall we do for billiard players? John Roberts, jun., Shorter, and Kilkenny are in Australia, and now, next week Cook and Stanley take their departure to India. Tom Taylor and Timbrell have a good prospect of having the exhibition business to themselves; steady though, I forgot the champion at that game, George Hunt, is still about.

Athletics are as dull as ditch water, after the surfeit of Bank Holiday week, and I need notice nothing more than the fact that James Gibb could not make "Choppy" Warburton gallop in the six miles level race at Ilkley, and that Harry Crossley continued his winning career, securing the quarter of a mile handicap from scratch, and was second in the hurdles to Sam Bestow, who, I am glad to see, is getting into a little bit of form again.

Unfortunately the Stanley Bicycle Club meeting at the Alexandra Palace could not take place last Saturday, however, two scratch competitions were got up, E. Cortis, 120 yards start, and R. Taylor being the lucky men.

As was anticipated, Horace Davenport of the Ilex S.C. won the Amateur Swimming Championship on Saturday last. Little interest was vested in the result by the out-side public, the attendance around the lake being very limited. G. Fearn, of the Dreadnought S.C., was second; E. Danels, North London, third; J. Whittle, North London, fourth; D. Ainsworth, Serpentine, fifth; and W. R. Iter, Regent, did not go the distance; the time, 31min 15sec, being exceptionally good. The race was swam in costume, according to the new regulations, Davenport, Whittle, and Danels giving way at the finish, and as they have now allowed the race to be competed for under these conditions, they must for the future hold their tongues. Ere I close this notice I should not be doing my duty were I not to publicly draw attention to the unsuitability of the lake at the Crystal Palace for a competition of this sort. Gate-money inducements are of course urged.

On the 9th inst. the annual race for the Captaincy of the Otter S.C. was held in the Serpentine Lake, but only two competitors, Messrs. H. J. Barron and J. J. Rose, came to the post; they, however, made a rare race of it, the former proving the victor by half a dozen yards; time, 19 min. The course being from the island to the bridge.

Cambridge University races were concluded on Saturday, Shard, of Peterhouse, taking the 50 Yards Race and 100 Yards Handicap; R. Webbe, of Trinity, the Distance Diving; C. V. Dabwarr, Queen's, 60sec, the 200 Yards Handicap; W. M. Tapp, of Caius, the Half-mile; and G. Weldon, Caius, the 100 Yards Hurdles. The Oxonians were outclassed, although Davy, of Exeter, was twice swimmer-up.

Advices from America state that the Amateur Championship of the States was swam for on July 27 in Harlem River between Messrs. T. E. Kitchin and W. R. Weissenborn for a gold medal, value \$500, the former winning easily in 54min 57sec, the distance being about two miles.

Friends and acquaintances, who know my name, are requested to send private communications to my own residence; but all matters appertaining to this article should be sent, care of the editor, addressed to

EXON.

A BUST of Izaak Walton, executed by Mr. Bell, was unveiled on Friday week in the Church of St. Mary, Stafford, by the Earl of Lichfield. The Dean of Lichfield in his address gave a sketch of Walton's life and literary labours, dwelling particularly upon his intimacy with the best and choicest spirits of the Church of England of his day, as an evidence of his own intrinsic excellence of character; and upon his "Complete Angler," as the work upon which his literary fame most rested. The times in which he lived were amongst the most critical in our national history. His long life stretched over the last ten years of Elizabeth's reign, and reached onwards to within two years of the end of that of Charles II., and during the whole of that eventful period "honest Izaak" (as he was called by his familiars) pursued the even tenour of his way, mourning over the calamities which he could not avert, thanking God for the measure of good which he enjoyed, and endeavouring to stamp the impress of his own pure and contented spirit upon the turbulent and distracted age in which he lived.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favorite and never failing Preparation to restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustre. Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[Advt.]

HOT WEATHER.—To all persons leaving home for change, relaxation, &c., or for those who from any cause are fagged, weary, or worn-out, or any whose duties require them to undergo mental or unnatural excitement or strain, errors of eating or drinking, &c., use Eno's Fruit Salt. It is health-giving, pleasant, cooling, refreshing, invigorating, and invaluable. "I have used your Fruit Salt for many years, and have verified the statement that it is not only refreshing and invigorating, but also invaluable as giving speedy relief in cases of heartburn, sourness of the stomach, and constipation and its great evils. The thanks of the public are due to you for your unceasing efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Long may you live to be a blessing to the world.—B. Hurst, Ph.D., Vicar of Collierly, St. Thomas Vicarage, Armfield Plain, Lintz Green, Durham, March, 1878."—Sold by all chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.—[Advt.]

BALDNESS IS CURABLE BY THE USE OF "EAU MALLERON."—A cure is guaranteed in from three to six months. Monsieur Lodois particularly solicits all those who are bald, but desire to renew the natural covering of the head, to consult him any day between eleven and five o'clock at the rooms of the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W. Mr. Lodois is so certain of success that he will enter into a contract on the principle of no cure no pay. Pamphlets forwarded, post free

TURFIANA.

THE appearance of the entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, if not quite the "beginning of the end," is, at any rate, a reminder that what may be termed the metropolitan half of the racing season is over, and that, for the remainder of the year we must look to Newmarket and the North for our best sport. The following comparative table of the entries for the autumn handicaps for the last six years is not a very pleasant study:

	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.
Great Eastern	95	87	79	92	72	66
October Handicap	96	74	67	75	56	46
Cesarewitch	165	152	148	152	141	114
Cambridgeshire.....	208	191	199	209	185	177

It will be seen that there is a marked falling off, even from last season, in every case, and that, partly perhaps from the epidemic which has visited so many stables, and partly from the frightful punishment that backers have received at meeting after meeting, 1878 promises to be our "most immemorial year." If, however, we cannot say much for the "quantity" there is no room for complaint as to "quality." Taking the longer race first—Jongleur, Balagny, Verneuil, Skylark, Lady Golightly, Fontainebleau, Belpheobe, Rylstone, Pageant, Julius Caesar, and Charon, make up a strong array; while the three year olds are well represented by Inval, Insulaire, Bonnie Scotland, Glen-garry, Topaz, Caerau, Lord Clive, Sefton, and Red Archer. The appearance of the name of old Ecossais in the list must surely be intended as an elaborate joke, when we remember his fiasco in the Liverpool Cup, and the fact that he does not really care to gallop a yard over five furlongs. Foreigners, as usual, appear in force, and, for the first time, Russia throws down the gauntlet with Hermes and Tisba. Their names occur again among the Cambridgeshire entries, in which Jongleur, the hero of last year, has been separately nominated by each of his part owners, and Sutton, another previous winner, is also down. Strangely enough, Hampton appears in the shorter race and not in the Cesarewitch, as also does Attalus, the other most notable three-year-olds engaged being Clocher, Lord Clive, Clementine, Strathfleet, Maximilian, Matador, Eude Vie, Lady Lumley, Topaz, Sefton, and Red Archer. Lord Lonsdale has nominated half a dozen, including his pair of splendid cripples, Petrarch and Pilgrimage, while Mr. Crawford is responsible for nine. No less than 33 out of the 177 are "aliens," and doubtless France will once more make a strong bid for a race in which her nominees have been exceptionally fortunate heretofore.

There is little to say with respect to the St. Leger, though we must not omit mention of the "desperate attempt to nobble Beauclerc." There were apparently all the elements of a sensational story—the appearance of the two ruffians, the flush of a light incautiously displayed, the warning given by the barking of the faithful bulldog, and the sallying forth of every stable-boy connected with the establishment. So far all had a genuine "Flying Scud" flavour, and we waited anxiously to hear that I'Anson, in the orthodox style, had substituted Roehampton for the crack, and that—also *à la Boucicault*—the employers of the nobblers, utterly unconscious of the change, had laid millions against Beauclerc. It was, therefore, very disappointing to learn that the only discovery made was of some half-burnt matches, and that the natural assumption is that some comparatively harmless tramps were looking for a convenient shed or barn in which to spend the night. The stable companions, Childeris and Janette, furnish a rare bone of contention among backers. The former is one of the "could an he would" style of animals, so wonderfully popular with the public, who always fancy that, however uncertain a horse may be, he is sure to display his real powers just when their money is on; but there is also a strong party who cannot forget that, last year, Janette was indubitably the better of the two, and believe that the "mares' month" will see her in full bloom again. Perhaps the most genuine business is done in favour of Red Archer, who has every appearance of being elevated to the position of first favourite. He owes this more to the prestige of the Manton stable than to anything he has done himself, for though we are told that we ought to have won the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, and assured that he is better than Sefton, there is no getting over the fact that a head victory over the wretched Caper is his sole success. Looking at the moderate character and in and out form of most of the probable starters, it is easy to imagine what a rush there will be on Beauclerc if he arrives at Doncaster thoroughly sound, and pleases the Tykes with a real good gallop on the Tuesday morning.

No falling off was visible in the last day's racing at Brighton, and visitors fared much better than when the Thursday was under the auspices of the Brighton Club. At the same time it would be far better to relinquish the third day in favour of Lewes, when the necessity of racing on Saturday would be averted. Bonby Betty at last did Sir John Astley a turn in the Preston Handicap; and Archer, Fordham, and Constable rode one of the closest finishes ever seen, the first-named winning by a head on Fiddlestring, and the other two running a dead-heat for second place. Thunderstone seems to consider that he has done enough for glory in beating Verneuil over the Ditch In, and, certainly, looking at the antecedents and subsequent performances of the two horses, the result was one of the most utterly unaccountable in the *Calendar*—and since then he has never got his head in front, so we were not surprised to see Kineton run away from him at 12lb; but that Faisan, in receipt of 23lb from each of them, should give Dalham and Placida a clever beating was a genuine "turn up," and highly suggestive of a Cambridgeshire thrown away, especially as the distance was a mile. A 10lb penalty could not stop the very useful Alice Lorraine in the Brighton Two-Year-Old Stakes, and, looking at the number of his successes with very limited opportunities, it is astonishing that her sire, Orest, has not received more patronage from breeders. The first day at Lewes was not particularly interesting, though large fields contested nearly every event. Lord Hartington took the Lewes Stakes with Assegai, a neatly-named daughter of Toxophilite and Lacy's dam; but there was nothing very grand among the seven that finished behind her. The rich Astley Stakes fell to Marshal Scott, a dark son of Ethus and Baroness, the unlucky Ismael finishing second for the fifth time out of six attempts, but he will yet do good service for Flageolet, and Radiancy, a smart-looking half-sister to Spark, who ran a dead-heat with him, ought also to carry Prince Soltykoff's colours more successfully on future occasions. The Southdown Club Welter Handicap was rendered somewhat important by the appearance of Captain Machell's St. Leger outsider, Boniface. We should be sorry to say that anything was quite out of it in such a moderate year as the present, still 8lb and a head beating to Singleton is not suggestive of more than a 1,000 to 3 chance. In the Queen's Plate, Julius Caesar proved in the best of tempers, and ran away from Rhidorroch and Leopold. Lady Mostyn, who scored two such brilliant victories over this course in 1875, again won a couple events, and another proof of the partiality of horses for certain courses was furnished in the Lewes Handicap, which fell to Rylstone for the second year in succession. This time she had 8st 2lb on her back, and Julius Caesar seemed utterly unable to give her 10lb. We are beginning to share the doubts of a contemporary as to the possibility of holding a race meeting without the assistance of Hesper, Trappist, and Ecossais. The last-named pair turned out for the County Cup,

It would take far too much time to calculate how often they have met in the last three years, but this season they have played a rubber fairly out. Trappist had no trouble in giving 6lb in the July Cup at Newmarket, then he utterly failed to concede 13lb at Goodwood, while, on Saturday, a difference of 8lb did not prevent him scoring an easy victory. We fancy that his temper is not very reliable, and that, unless he gets away well in front—which, as Archer is always "up," he seldom fails to do—he does not care to do his best. In the Priory Stakes, Count Lagrange again had to put up with second place, Rayon d'Or being the unfortunate one this time, and the filly by Victorious out of Modena, who was unplaced in the Astley Stakes, proving the winner. The colt, however, was giving her no less than 16lb, while half-mile cuts are hardly likely to show such a long-striding, unfurnished youngster to much advantage.

At the time of writing, Egham is the only meeting that has taken place during the present week. The Duke of Edinburgh Cup went to Laurier, as Lady Ronald, who was made a very warm favourite, seems to have lost all her form, and can do nothing even in this company. St. Augustine and Whackum had the King John Stakes to themselves, the former, who is all right again, making a sad example of his opponent. Then the very useful Le Promeneur helped to swell Archer's long list of winning mounts; and, in the next race, Preciosa proved herself as good as Tribute at level weights. On Wednesday, Rosy Cross put in an appearance for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes; but, though the company was very different from that which she has been used to meet, she could only manage to run a bad third. The remainder of the sport does not call for comment.

Stockton, Yarmouth, and Oxford, are the meetings arranged for next week, and doubtless the greater number of racing men will patronise the northern fixture, when we are not unlikely to see some important St. Leger betting. The Cleveland Stakes, for two-year-olds, has several winners of small races engaged, and, as Mr. Bowes is hardly likely to send Reconciliation, we can only suggest that *Nellie Macgregor* appears the best of a very moderate lot. Thurio has the Zetland Biennial Stakes at his mercy; but he may not travel so far for a small prize, in which case *Tum Glen* ought to win. A very queer lot are engaged in the Great Northern Leger, which can have no important bearing on the future, as it had when Pretender just scrambled home in front of Islam, or when Juga, through a sea of mud, upset the odds of 10 to 1 that were laid upon Khedive; perhaps *Pulpito* will be the best to stand. In spite of his 10lb penalty, we should not be afraid to trust to Cadogan in the Hardwicke Stakes, had he not seemed so completely out of form at Goodwood that we are reluctantly compelled to discard him, and vote for *Stylites*, who is entitled to a 6lb maiden allowance. The Lambton Plate is a good thing for *White Poppy*, and the Zetland Biennial Stakes, on Thursday, should also fall to her. Turning to the Yarmouth meeting, the Tragedy colt, St. Augustine, and Muley Edris are the pick of the twenty-two entered for the Great Yarmouth Two-Year-Old Stakes, and, of the three, we prefer St. Augustine. Success in this event means a 14lb penalty for the Yare Two-Year-Old Stakes, which we therefore assign to the *Tragedy* colt. The names of St. Augustine, Lansdown, and Philippine, are the most notable of those set down for the Middleton Stakes, and Philippine should still retain her unbeaten certificate; while St. Augustine may secure the Stratton Audley Stakes.

SKYLARK.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

HALIFAX SUMMER MEETING.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8.

The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Nutboy, by Kidderminster—Nutgirl, 3 yrs, 9st 13lb (inc 4lb extra) (Fagan), 1; Prince of Orange, 2; Kilmartin, 3. 6 ran.
The PRINCE OF WALPS'S STAKES.—Druscovitch, by Bobby—Barbatula, 8st 1lb (Griffiths), 1; Insane, 2; Bonnie Queen, 3. 4 ran.
The SOWERBY SELLING PLATE.—Cleopatra, by King Hal—Medallion, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb (£50) (Bruckshaw), 1; Vie, 2; Ulysses, 3. 7 ran.
The CALDER VALLEY HANDICAP.—Adamite, by Adimas—Remnant, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb (Fagan), 1; Skelgate Maid, 2; Bargee, 3. 5 ran.
The WEST YORKSHIRE HUNTERS' STAKES.—Lozenge, by Baron—Lowther's dam, 6 yrs, 1st 13lb (Owner), 1; Flyfisher, 2; Legacy, 3. 5 ran.
The TRADESMEN'S HANDICAP PLATE.—Telescope, by Speculum—Remembrance, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb (Snowden), 1; Queensberry, 2; Blue Bonnet, 3. 0 ran.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9.

The ELLAND HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE.—Tunstall Maid, by Breadalbane Beck—Sharpe, aged, 1st 7lb (£40) (Mr. Peart, jun.), 1; Strategy, 2; Beam of Light, 3. 5 ran.
The BEACON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Queensberry, by Earl or Palmer—Redstart, 5 yrs, 9st 13lb (inc 4lb extra) (J. Osborne), 1; Unicorn, 2; Prince of Orange, 3. 5 ran.
The PELLON ALL-AGED SELLING STAKES.—Ulysses, by Gladiateur—Happy Wite, 2 yrs, 7st (£50) (Morgan), 1; Vie, 2; Aurelia, 3. 3 ran.
The HALIFAX CUP.—Knight Templar, by the Baron—Miss Croft, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb (Fagan), + w.o.; Pilchard, 1; Jollification, 3. 3 ran.
The SAVILE PARK PLATE.—Bellatoris, by Uncas—Bellona, 8st 3lb (Fagan), 1; Insane, 2; Miss Macaroni, 3. 3 ran.
The PARK FARM HANDICAP PLATE.—Blue Bonnet, by Macgregor—Jennie, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (Howey), 1; Good Thing, 2; Poenta, 3. 0 ran.

PAISLEY MEETING.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8.

The PAISLEY PLATE.—Bella Walker, by King Hal—Cariboo, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (£50) (Carlile), 1; Mantalini, 2; Passport, 3. 7 ran.
A HUNTERS' AND YEOMANRY PLATE.—Forecast, by Exchequer—Weather Isle, 6 yrs, 1st 5lb (Mr. Langton), 1; Arblast, 2; Falmouth, 3. 5 ran.
The RENFREWSHIRE HANDICAP PLATE.—Labyrinth, by Brother to Stratford—Puzzles dam, by Toxophilite, 5 yrs (9st 7lb) (Moran), w.o.

The GLASGOW HANDICAP PLATE.—Highland Laddie, by Orest—Lass of Scotland, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb (Morgan), 1; Passport, 2; Grandee, 3. 7 ran.
A SELLING HUNTERS' PLATE.—Agnes Peel, by General Peel—Marie Agnes, aged, 1st 3lb (£50) (Mr. C. J. Cunningham), 1; Pisa, 2; The Pacha, 3. 0 ran.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9.

The GREENOCK HANDICAP PLATE.—Macadam, by V. Monarque—Mdille du Plessis, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb (Moran), 1; Grande, 2; Zuba, 3. 7 ran.
The ARDGOWAN MAIDEN HUNTERS' PLATE.—Forecast, by Exchequer—Weather Isle, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb (Mr. Langton), 1; Falmouth, 2; Maggie, 3. 4 ran.

SILVER BELLS.—Clearhead, by Knight of the Garter or Maitydrom—Revival, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb (Carlile), 1; Grandee, 2; Owton, 3.

THE INNKEEPERS' STAKES.—Lady Nelson, by the Miner—Sabrina, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (£50) (Carlile), 1; Passport, 2; Slavery, 3. 7 ran.

The BURGA MEMBERS' PLATE.—Winnie, by Nine Eims—Lady of the Deben, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (Curts), 1; Clewhead, 2. 2 ran.

A SELLING HUNTERS' PLATE.—Agnes Peel, by General Peel—Marie Agnes, aged, 1st 3lb (£50) (C. J. Cunningham), 1; Pisa, 2; Magg c, 3. 5 ran.

THE FAREWELL HANDICAP.—Highland Laddie, by Orest—Lass of Scotland, 5 yrs, 9st (Moran), 1; Little Rose, 2; Stella, 3. 6 ran.

LONDONDERRY MEETING.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8.

The LONDONDERRY PLATE.—Fitz-Erin, by Blarney—Disdaid, 5 yrs, 1st 2lb (F. Wyne), 1; Pemican, 2; Rover, 3. 3 ran.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Valour by Victor—Albert's dam, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (car 8st 6lb) (F. Wyne), 1; Pershore, 2; Callagh, 3. 3 ran.

THE RAILWAY HANDICAP.—Prophecy, by Knight of St. Patrick—Witch of Endor, aged, 9st 12lb (T. Broderick), 1; Pemican, 2; Fitz-Erin, 3. 3 ran.

The TRIAL PLATE became void.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9.

The STEWARDS' STAKES.—Immortal, by Lothario—Claret Cup, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (S. Dillon), 1; Prophecy, 2; Rover, 3. 3 ran.

The TRADESMEN'S PLATE.—Prophecy, by Knight of St. Patrick—Witch of Endor (T. Broderick), 1; Callagh, 2; Rover, 3. 3 ran.

The PUBLICANS' STAKES.—Prophecy (T. Broderick), 1; Fitz-Erin, 2; Pemican, 3. 3 ran.

A CONSOLIDATION RACE.—Rover, by Terror, 5 yrs, 7st (S. Dixon), 1; Callagh, 2; Pemican, 3. 3 ran.

LEWES SUMMER MEETING.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9.

The COOMBE STAKES.—Gadfly, by Stradbroke or Wild Moor—Madam Walton, 3 yrs, 7st (Andrews), 1; Keebeck, 2; Le Promeneur, 3. 7 ran.
The JUVENILE STAKES.—Kusk, by Brown Bread—Lady Sophia, 8st 1lb (Fordham), 1; Cherry Pie, 2; Tempus Vincit, 1. 8 ran.
The DE WARRENNE HANDICAP.—Hackthorpe, by Citadel or Strafford—Rosary, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb (Lemaire), 1; Herald, 2; Mandarin, 3. 7 ran.
The LEWES STAKES.—Assegai, by Toxophilite—Lacy's dam, 8st 5lb (H. Jeffery), 1; Colorado, 2; Airnigorm, 3. 8 ran.
The ASTLEY STAKES.—Marshall Scott, by Ethus—Baroness, by V. Melbourne, 8st 8lb (Glover), 1; Ismael and Radiancy ran a dead heat, 12 ran.

The WINDMILL WELTER PLATE.—King Death, by King Tom—Hatchment, 5 yrs, 1st 2lb (£50) (Constable), 1; Le Promeneur, 2; Belgravia, 3. 4 ran.

The SOUTHDOWN CLUB WELTER HANDICAP.—Boniface, by Blinkhoolie—Noyau, 3 yrs, 1st 9b (inc 7lb extra) (F. Archer), 1; Singleton, 2; Ravoli, 3. 6 ran.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Julius Caesar, by St. Albans—Julie, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb (F. Archer), 1; Rhidorroch, 2; Leopold, 3. 3 ran.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

The HAMSLEY WELTER HANDICAP.—Lady Mostyn, by Lord Clifden—Annette, by Scythian, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb (inc 5lb ex) (Morley), 1; Bonny Betty, 2; Mnachus, 3. 6 ran.

The MOUNT HARRY PLATE.—Rusk, by Brown Bread—Lady Sophia, 8st 4b (£60) (Newhouse), 1; Lantern, 2; Lord Marmion, 3. 6 ran.

The COUNTY CUP.—Trappist, by Hermit—Skirmisher, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (F. Archer), 1; Preciosa, 2; Ecossais, 3. 3 ran.

The SOUTHDOWN CLUB MEMBERS' CUP.—Lily Hawthorn, by Knight of the Crescent—Hawthorn Bloom, 4 yrs, 1st 5lb (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Noble, 2; Vril, 3. 8 ran.

The OWN PLATE.—Lady Mostyn, by Lord Clifden—Annette, 5 yrs, 7st (inc 7lb extra) (Andrews), 1; Ingewood Ranger, 2; Borgia, 3. 9 ran.

The LEWES HANDICAP.—Rylstone, by Hermit—Esther's dam, by Skirmisher, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (inc 3lb extra) (H. Jeffery), 1; The Reeve, 2; Worcester, 3. 6 ran.

The CASTLE PLATE.—King Death, by King Tom—Hatchment, 5 yrs, 8st 11b (£60) (Glover), 1; Gilda, 2; Cherry Pie, 3. 9 ran.

The PRIORY STAKES.—Victorious—Modena, 8st 5lb (C. Wood), 1; Rayon d'Or, 2; Favio, 3. 9 ran.

BRAY STEEPLECHASES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

The ESPLANADE PLATE.—St. Lawrence, by Master Richard—Niagara, 4 yrs, 1st 6lb (Owner), 1; Alice May, 2; Honey Bee, 3. 5 ran.



"UNSHIPPING THE PILOT."

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

A GUIDE-BOOK to Canterbury will inform you that Canterbury is "a cathedral city." Guide-book would be right, it is a cathedral city—very much cathedral city. It is all over cathedral, and everything about it is affected by cathedral, under the shadow of that grand old building, which I heard an American the other day speak of approvingly, as a "very pretty heap of stones," everything, I say, is affected by the cathedral. The shops, the shopmen, the police, the beadle (they are awfully affected), the cabs and carriages, the dwelling houses and hotels, everything but a place of worship in the High-street, erected in the year 1822, when Alderman J. S. Brown was a churchwarden. That noble and his colleagues made up their minds to come from under the all prevailing influence of cathedral and get a neat thing designed for themselves; they succeeded, and there stands the ugly monument of originality defying cathedral to do its worst. I went to Canterbury to see cricket, not cathedral, but I immediately came under the all-powerful influence, and my attention to the cricket has been all but destroyed, for the present at least, by the architectural presence. In my attempts to sketch some of the players



cathedral mixed itself up with their identity, and the woeful results were a mixture of man and masonry. I am only slowly recovering. Indeed this has had such an effect upon me that I have had to abandon much that was interesting regarding the charming scene at St. Lawrence's Grounds during the cricket week. If I feel at all recovered by next week I will try and give you some reminiscences of it. I have quite a large collection of notes and sketches, but the influence that I have mentioned has mixed them all up in an extraordinary way. The bellman of the cricket-field, who is familiarly known as the Antelope, is one of the few distinct objects I can pick out of the ollapodrida; I fancy, like the place of worship in the High-street, he is too original to be affected by the influence. I find that Yardley is mixed up with Ivo Bligh, and that the effect of the one's head upon the other's shoulders looks scarcely the thing; then again, the noble features of Cavendish Bentinck surmount the body of W. G. Grace. Miss Carlotta Addison is equipped in a complete suit of flannels, and is bowling madly, while Mrs. Chippendale is airing herself in a bishop's hat and apron (to say nothing of the gaiters). Mr. Edmund Davis's tent with its charming occupants has run up a clock tower, and wears fluted Gothic buttresses (more cathedral



influence), while Mr. Davis himself (the coming man for East Kent) has changed a feature or two with Sir Henry Tufton, and wears the hat and cigar of Mr. Edwards. The Old Stagers in their motley have also seriously affected the cricketing sketches. Mr. Baldwin is here batting in the costume of a typical Frenchman, jealously watched over by the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, who is keeping wicket in a butcher's blouse and apron. I remember



the care-taker of the insect department of a museum once, in a moment of abstraction (he professed poetry, and was accustomed to abstraction), sat down upon a tray of butterflies. Some were altogether squashed, whilst others had their wings knocked off. He who did the damage made a noble effort with a gum bottle and brush to restore them, the result was to students of entomology rather startling. Wings had got on to the wrong bodies, some had six wings, some only one; others wore large scarlet wings on one side, relieved by tiny blue ones on the other. They had to be carefully pulled to pieces again and rearranged. So with my unfortunate sketches I must unpick the lines and set them up again. What a mad time cricket week is for Canterbury. All is holiday and gaiety. Some of the more enthusiastic townspeople project legends and flags from upper windows. Everybody wears his or her best Sunday-go-meeting clothes, and feels as unusual as need be. Everybody goes to the cricket-field, and then everybody comes home, and puts on evening dress, and goes to the theatre, where the Old Stagers have been clowning against



The light and airy W. G.

Time for the last six and thirty years (why it beats *Our Boys!*). Then everybody goes to the county ball, and admires the light and airy W. G. as he treads a measure with some local fairy. Everybody. No, everybody did not. I was in the Fleur de Lis Hotel one night, and heard the sweet tones of glee singing. I inquired of Mr. Ward, the worthy host, what it meant. He informed me that four gentlemen of the cathedral choir, Messrs. Schartan, Moulding, Cross, and Rhodes, were delighting a group of their friends with old English glees whilst they smoked the long clay and sipped the social glass. I very soon found my way to the long club-room of the quaint old hostelry, and was before long comfortably settled behind a pipe, listening to the most exquisite voice-music happily unaccompanied by any instrument. Here, in the company of the very men who pass most of their time in the cathedral, in the cosy club-room of the Fleur-de-Lis listening to grand old English glees, I was first taken from under cathedral influence. Such, dear reader, is the power of music, or tobacco, or—well, well, we won't go into that.

A PARIS correspondent writes:—There seems no doubt now of the truth of a great scandal at Vichy, M. Jacotin, a senator and judge of the Puy tribunal, is accused of cheating at cards. He is said to have kept money in his sleeve, and when he saw his partner turning up a winning card dropped an addition to his original stake. A major and two other officers appointed to watch him detected the trick, and publicly denounced him. He prayed for mercy, but was expelled the club, has now resigned his senatorship, and a disciplinary committee is enquiring into his fitness to remain a judge.

THE TWELFTH IN THE NORTH.

"THE moor cock springs on whirring wings among the blooming heather." These graphic lines of Robbie Burns, the peasant-poet of Scotland, if they met the eye of any of the fair Diana's votaries during the past week, they would only tend to whet their growing appetite for the sport at hand. Men in the City, whose position, inclination, and purse permitted them to indulge in the expensive, because fashionable, luxury of a shooting in the North, found being bound to the "Wheel of Busines" each day more and more unbearable, especially after reading in the morning papers the glowing accounts of the prospects of heavy bags, and the splendid autumn weather, with its brilliant sunshine and bracing breezes; in fact, the attraction offered by this year's Twelfth were such as to cause but small pangs in the breast of those who "follow the gun" to tear themselves away from either the business or pleasure of the smoky, stuffy, City, with its burning pavements and thousand windows reflecting and intensifying the naturally unbearable heat, and making it simply overpowering. The destination fixed, either to follow the dogs as a unit in a party invited by some Northern friend, or to work a moor on one's own account, little time is lost. The ticket secured, the train is soon bringing the birds and the heather nearer and nearer at the rate of 60 miles an hour, the time passes quickly and pleasantly, especially if set is formed such as that of our friends in the drawing en route, who while the time away discussing the prospects and recounting tales of marvellous bags of former seasons, changing the programme occasionally by a whiff or a round of the flask and horn. Once safe and sound in the Land of Cakes the journey to the particular moor or lodge is generally a pleasure, particularly if made after the manner of those in the drawing, who inhale the health-giving mountain breezes, enjoy the scenery, and accomplish their journey at one and the same time, by the aid of such a popular and convenient conveyance as the Royal mail coach. In the present instance our friends are fast discovering the wild beauties of Glen Croe. On inquiring of the driver a passenger is a little taken on being informed that the particular part of the mountain pass which they are now bowing along is known to fame by the rather startling title of the "Devil's Elbow." If the simile is still appropriate it suggests a considerable amount of bend in his Satanic majesty's arm—in fact, it must be a-kimbo. The eve of the 12th showed marked signs of broken weather, developing during the night into heavy showers of rain, but the morning broke clear and bright, with a gentle westerly breeze, promising well for good sport. The two-gun party in the drawing started early, and have just had their first "point," the dogs having nosed fine brood of eleven healthy birds, which is less by a brace and a half. Before they are out of range birds rise on all sides, many fine specimens, such as the "old bird" in the centre of the picture, who has seen former "Twelfth's" and escaped to tell the tale, and cry aloud in his own way, as well as he can—"Here they are again!" As the day advances the bags get heavier, till noontide, when luncheon was proposed; it is welcomed all round. The halting-place is well chosen, both for convenience and pleasure. The green velvety sod and springy heather being as soft as any cushion. The bags are soon emptied and the birds allowed to "kill" (as the carriers say), hampers and flasks are opened, and the contents discussed, the old keeper remarking, "five and thirty brace, gentlemen; no a bad forenoon's work for three guns."

Luncheon over, a move is now made with increased vigour for the high grounds, the party being overtaken on the way by one of those sudden showers which seem to have been so general all over the country on the 12th, in some places falling in a perfect downpour, like a waterspout. This sends the birds to the rising ground and hill tops, where, when the sun bursts through, they may be seen plummerring and drying themselves far from the harm of the surest gun. As evening draws near the bang! bang! is heard less often. Gradually the reports get fewer, till at last silence reigns around. The last party have turned their faces homeward, and have now more leisure to survey the beauty of the scene; before them lies the broad spreading moor and hillside, mantled with a profusion of blooming heather and the waving feathers of soft green wacken, the growing colours of the fast approaching sunset are tinting the wreaths of clouds which slowly gather around the face of the orb of day, till at last it is curtained out of sight, only a stray glint here and there, through a rift which, striking on the distant hillside, causes it to glow in all the rich beauty of purple and gold. The evening breeze, as it fans the drooping heads of the heather, now wafts the delicious scent of Highland honey, here so industriously sought by the "busy bee," whose hum is heard on every side as it alights on the flowery top of some heather-spray, or swings its form in the soft blue cup of the hare-bell. Scenes like this make a lifelong impression, and help to soothe the shattered nerves and brace the frame of those who have, after their but too brief holiday, to resume their city labours and renew the battle of life. The toils of the moors in quest of game are but another pleasure to the genuine sportsman. Not so to the "ornamental" of the class shown in the sketch, who fight shy of physical exertion, except what brings them to frequented and popular places of resort, got up generally in the newest thing in heather suit, or arrayed in "kilt and hose." The latter but serves to make ridiculous a figure and frame naturally not of the manly build, the pipeshank limbs and washy complexion being a standing contradiction to their vain attempt to appear what they never can be. In other cases, the thickest tweed checks cannot disguise the *cid* that wears them, even although he carry a shrouded gun or brace of grouse—all the little arts of this obnoxious tribe cannot deceive the experienced eye, they being as unlike the genuine sportsmen as the stuffed and mouldy specimens in a show-case are like the denizens in life of our moors and forests. A strong contrast to the hardy, sturdy gillie who performs his part in the agreeable duty of remembering absent friends in the South with "braces" addressed and labelled "Game—perishable—deliver without delay," instructions which, if obeyed, will cause their receipt to be a genuine pleasure as they are taken from their packing of honey-scented, fresh-pulled heather. No season for years has produced heather in such magnificent bloom, profuse of flower, and bright in colour, from magenta in the high lights of the mountain-brow to the deep, soft purple far down the slopes of the rugged glen-sides. The high hopes of a glorious 12th held out in the prospects have, as a rule, been realised, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather in some districts. But, as a rule, the bags were good, the birds healthy, strong, and wild, rendering results like the following very fair sport: in Aberdeenshire the Earl of Fife and party in a couple of hours bagged 19 brace over a portion of Mar Lodge moors; Mr. C. J. H. Tower, 35 brace grouse and 1 snipe on Glencallater moors.

In Fifeshire the moors showed the grouse more numerous and healthy than they have ever been before. In Perthshire the birds are abundant, strong, and wild, with not the slightest appearance of disease, forty-two brace grouse, six hares, and one wild duck being bagged by Mr. Wallace, of Glassingall. In Dumfriesshire sport was good in general, the birds strong and healthy, but very wild, a two-gun party on the Auchentorlie moors bringing down 26 brace grouse and one hare in a few hours. The beauty of the heath-bloom on these moors was most remarkable. Sutherlandshire, Argyleshire, Kincardineshire, and Lanark all show equally good results. The Twelfth returns are always taken

as a guide to the future sport of the season, but on the present occasion the severity of the "thunder-plumps" destroyed the chances of a good bag on this particular day, although the game was so "rise." The birds were, as a rule, healthy, strong, and wild, but the westerly breeze and brilliant sunshine of the forenoon caused them to sit so well to the dogs that I overheard a Hibernian attendant on a gallant captain of our party remark, "Sure! ye might kill them with the butt-end of yer gun."

W. A. D.

FETES AT WEIMAR.

THE little Duchy of Saxe-Weimar has long been a favourite home of the Muses. Town and country alike abound with historical associations of a literary and artistic nature, and the few English who pause on their beaten holiday track to make a short pilgrimage to the lovely pine forests of Thuringia, and its quaint little towns and villages, are constantly reminded by a statue or a favourite view of the two great poets who spent many years in its capital. Weimar, indeed, has been the nursery of modern German literature, and the protection afforded by Duke Carl Augustus to Schiller and Goethe has been worthily continued by his grandson, the reigning Duke, in the fostering care bestowed on every branch of art and science. The restoration of the grand old Wartburg, the building of a new museum for Weimar in 1869, the establishment of a High School of Music, and of a School of Painting, and last, but not least, the liberal yet judicious patronage of the Weimar Theatre—these are but a few of the more noteworthy services rendered to the arts by the reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar. No wonder, then, that in the festivities connected with the 25th anniversary of his accession, the good people of Weimar determined to let art play a prominent part. They skilfully transformed the market-place into a perfect reproduction of a renaissance town, and there a crowd of knights in armour, fat old burghers, portly housewives, and gay young men and maidens, all correctly attired in historical costume, spent the day in sports and games appropriate to the period. The Germans have a happy knack of pourtraying the picturesque features of the old times, and that this effort of the people of Weimar to do honour to their popular sovereign was eminently successful is abundantly proved by our illustration.

THE MINISTERS AT THE "SHIP."

Truth, in "The Song of Big Ben," says:—

"Would you like to know the details
Of the Ministers' fish dinner,
Which, in spite of all their caution,
Could not be from us kept hidden?
Would you like to know the dishes,
And the after-dinner doings,
Beaky's quips and Salby's satire,
All the toasts, and songs, and speeches?
If you would, oh, gentle reader!
Read with care the lines that follow.
First, then, you must know the menu
Was entirely changed this season.
For long years it's been at Greenwich;
Liberal Ministers and Tories
Have alike gone down the river
To the far-famed whitebait borough,
To the town where Mr. Gladstone
Found a haven after shipwreck."

But of course all this is mere satirical funning. The dinner really took place at the Ship, at Greenwich, and an admirable dinner it was, and "would you like to know the dishes?"—here is a copy of the actual menu.

YE ANNUALE WHYTEBAITE DINNER

OF
HYR MAJESTYE'S MINISTERS
ON
WEDNESDAK, YE 14th AUGUST, 1878,
ATE YE HOSTELIE 'YCEPT
YE SHIPPE, ATE GREENWICHE.

This Billie of ye Fare is drawn in playne Englisch, without
any cloake of Frenche or other foreyngt tongue,
for the saddle and sober comforte of frendes, and that ye maye know
what ye are asked to accept.

Ye BILLIE OF YE FARE.

YE SOUPE.

Soupe made from ye TURTLE, and alsoe
Soupe made from ye Greene Fatte
of ye same.

YE FISHE.

Ye FLOUNDERS curiouslye cookeed, and
SALMONNE servyd inne lyke manere.

Ryssoles of ye LOISTER.

Ye lytel Soles fried.

Ye Pudynge of ye WHYTING.

Ye ELES skynned & stewed innē ye
richē wyne of Oporto.

Ye Orellette of CRABBE innē ye style as
servyd to ye Guerdes of ye Blue Seal.

Ye TROUT from ye River Spey, gryllid
with ye sauce of Tartar.

Salmonne innē collopē, with ye sauce
inne ye Cyprus fashione.

Ye WHYTERRITE, be-frizzled, & alsoe
be-devylid

Ye Dinner will be servyl after ye manere of ye Russian people.

FLESHE & FOWLE.

SWETTBREADES with ye Mushroomes
added thereto.

Ye HAUNCHE of ye ROYALE BUCKE, with
Harcotte Beenes servyd therewith.

Ye Autient HAMME, from ye Citye of
Yorke, gryllid innē wyne of Champigne.

Ye GROUSE from ye Northe Countree.

HOGGE BACON & young BEANES.

YE SWEETES, &c.

APPYCOTTES flavorid with Noyau

PUDYNGES iced, after ye Nesselrode
mannere.

LYTTLE CAKES made with ye Cheese
from Parma, innē Italie.

Ye ICES flavoured with Oranges and
Strauberes.

Divers FRUFTES wh are your Desertes

& ye WINES of Champagne & manie
outlandish countrees.

Ye Guestes are bydden to eate after ye Hungarie manere.

The annual swimming contest for the half-mile championship of Scotland took place at Aberdeen on Saturday, and was won by Ferguson of Paisley, who is also the quarter-mile champion.

IN Warwickshire hares are plentiful and strong. Partridges scarce; many coveys contain only four or five birds each, probably owing to the heavy rains in June.

The Home Secretary has, on the application of the justices, issued orders under the Wild Fowl Preservation Act varying the close time, so as to be in the County of Cumberland from the 1st of March to the 1st of August, and in the Liberty of Pevensey, Sussex, from the 15th of February to the 1st of August.

YACHTING.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

ON Thursday week the match for the Town Cup, open to all cutters, was won by the Vol-au-Vent, the Formosa being second, and the Arrow third. The match for yawls of 31 tons and upwards was won by Mr. H. Wood's Corinne.

Thus ended the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta of 1878, which was the most successful for many years. The fireworks were a prominent feature in the regatta programme, and the Prince of Wales was pleased to convey to Mr. Pain, of Walworth-road, the club contractor, an opinion that the display was the best he had ever witnessed at Cowes.

ROYAL SOUTHAMPTON YACHT CLUB.

Saturday was the concluding day of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. There were four matches—two for yawls and two for cutters. In the race for yawls under 30 tons only the Lizzie, 20 tons, R. Piffard, entered, so she was allowed to sail over the course and take the first prize, value £20. Two yachts contended for the £30 and £10 offered by the club for yawls under 41 tons—namely, Ellida, 41, J. D. Stainton, and Vega, 41, Captain N. D. Garrett. The course was twice round the Brambles and Lepe Buoy, and, after a capital race in a nice topsail breeze, they finished as under:—Vega (winner of £30), 7h 27m 30s; Ellida (winner of £10), 7h 29m 55s. There was also a race for ten-tonners; first prize (presented by T. Chamberlyne, Esq.) £10; second £5. This brought out all the cracks—namely, Florence, Preciosa, Merle, Chip, Volga, Lily, and Mildred. A Channel Island boat named Bohemia had the temerity to enter the lists against these flyers, but gave up after the second round, being a long way astern. The finish between Preciosa and Florence was most exciting, the latter only winning by a few seconds. It was a most interesting race, although the direction of the wind made it nearly all reaching and running, and thus there was very little of the prettiest part of a sailing match, namely, beating to windward. The race eventually terminated as under:—Florence, winner of £10, 3h 14m 20s; Preciosa, winner of £5, 3h 14m 55s; Merle, 3h 19m 40s; Chip, 3h 21m 15s; Volga, 3h 22m 20s; Lily, 3h 32m 5s; Mildred, 3h 35m 55s. Florence flew nineteen racing flags when she brought up in the afternoon. There was a match for 27ft boats, which was won by Alert, beating three others.

THE varied attractions of the Brighton Regatta, on the 19th inst., are this year to be specially numerous and good. A reference to our advertisement pages will show that due provision for the anticipated crowd of visitors has been made by the Brighton and South Coast Railway authorities.

DIEPPE RACES are announced for the 23rd, 25th, and 27th of this month, for which special return tickets at low fares, available for a month, will be issued by the Brighton and South Coast Railway (see advertisement).

At the Reading regatta on Wednesday, the Thames and Kingston Rowing Clubs Reading Grand Challenge Cup was won by about a length by the former.

IT was reported on Thursday that the condition of Mr. George Payne, the well-known sportsman, was still very grave, and that the weakness was increasing.

THE annual general meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation was held at their offices in Southampton-street, Strand, under the presidency of Canon Farrar. The report, which was read by Dr. Pigott, announced a large increase in the funds during the past financial year. The grants during that time amounted to £6,565 in sums ranging from £5 to £25. The committee appointed to grant aid often receive the most pathetic appeals from men whose position is little suspected by the uninitiated.

THE new bridge over the Regent's Canal, at the Gloucester-gate entrance to Regent's Park, leading to the Zoological Society's Gardens, of which Mr. Booth-Scott was the architect, was opened last Saturday by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, as Ranger of Regent's Park. It is a great improvement on the unsightly old bridge. Instead of the narrow, inconvenient arch there is now a new bridge of iron, with a width of 60ft. between the parapets. The chief feature, however, of the new bridge consists of four terra-cotta groups of statuary by Signor Fucigna, placed on pedestals at the end of the red stone wing walls representing soldiers, athletes, fisher-maidens, and flower-maidens respectively. In the four principal buttresses of the bridge are massive wrought lamps of real bronze. The pedestals are angulated and tapering, with sunk panels, almost concealed, however, by a profusion of leaves and blossoms in cast and wrought bronze, modelled from the lily and acanthus. The lamps were modelled and carried out to the architect's design by Messrs. Gardner, of the Strand, at their new branch works in St. Martin's-lane. It is believed that they are by far the largest and most elaborate lamps ever produced in bronze in England. A fine-art drinking fountain is substituted for that which has done service there till now. The site having a background of trees, a rustic group has been selected as a subject. Real granite boulders, lichen-stained and weathered, have been specially brought from Cornwall, and form a base for a bronze copy of the late Mr. Joseph Durham's well-known "Sunshine," which has been cast by Messrs. Gardner, at the expense of Mrs. Kent. The figure of the girl is life-size, the name being given from one of the hands being employed to shield the eyes from the sunshine. The overflowing pitcher is here made to supply a drinking-place for dogs.

THE death is announced of the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee. Mr. Gilfillan was born at Comrie, in Perthshire, in 1813. He went to college at Glasgow in 1825, and at the age of fourteen began to write for the press. He was married in 1836. Mr. Gilfillan, besides being a voluminous contributor to magazines and newspapers, was the author of numerous works. His first volume, entitled "Five Discourses," was published in 1840. His "Gallery of Literary Portraits," published in 1846, gave him a firm footing in the literary world. De Quincey wrote some papers concerning it, and quoted from it with evident delight. It also evoked the admiration of Thomas Carlyle, who, in reference to an article on himself and his "French Revolution," wrote to Thomas Aird in the following terms:—"It is a notable panegyric, a picture painted by poet, which means with me a man of insight and of heart: decisive, sharp of outline, in hues borrowed from the sun. It is rare to find oneself so mirrored in a brother's soul." The portrait of Wordsworth was considered by the poet the best sketch of himself which he had ever read. Hugh Miller also testified to the brilliance of the work. In 1850 Mr. Gilfillan published his "Bards of the Bible," of which Professor Blackie said it was one of the most splendid pieces of writing he had ever read. His "History of Man," published in 1856, provoked many enemies on account of its merciless criticism. In 1870 Mr. Gilfillan was the generous friend of many rising young authors who have since won themselves fame, among them Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, Gerald Massey, George Macdonald, and Robert Buchanan. At the time of his death, which was very sudden, he was engaged in an elaborate "History of British Poetry." As a preacher and lecturer he was exceedingly popular in Scotland.

NEWS ITEMS.

LORD MARCH intends to form a small stud, which will be placed in the hands of Joseph Dawson.

MR. GEORGE LITCH, who created such a favourable impression as Pierre in *The Two Orphans* three years ago at the Standard Theatre, opens there on Monday, Aug. 19, with *Twine the Plaiden*. Miss Helen Barry E. H. Brooke, E. F. Edgar, and other artists will also appear.

ONCE again the Atlantic has been crossed in a cockle shell. The Nautilus, of Boston, is a tiny pleasure boat, not more than 15ft from stem to stern, but in her two men have safely crossed the Atlantic, taking forty-five days for the passage. Now that the tiny Nautilus, like her two predecessors, has arrived in safety it is to be hoped that we may have no more such dangerous experiments. It is enough to know the thing is possible. The next time a mere cockle shell of some two tons starts from Boston for Liverpool she may not be equally fortunate. It is rash work to trifle with the Atlantic billows, and there is nothing to be gained, nor any purpose of real value served, by an achievement which, rightly considered, is a mere piece of bravado.

THE annual sétē of the Swiss Alpine Club will be held this year at Interlaken, beginning on the 1st of September and ending on the 3rd of that month.

THE centenary of the birth of Jahn, the father of German gymnastics, is to be kept on Sunday next by the gymnastic societies all over Germany.

THE Duke of Connaught and suite honoured the Folly Theatre with their presence on Monday evening to witness the 150th performance of *Les Cloches de Corneville*.

IN succession to *Plevna*, which has had so lengthened a career at the Canterbury, Mr. Villiers has engaged the popular burlesque actress, Miss Nelly Power, who appears nightly in a pleasing trifles of the ballet species of entertainment, entitled *The Night Dancers; or, the Little Prince who couldn't Keep his Head above Water*.

WE have received the following from a correspondent in New York: "Richfield Springs, N.Y., July 23.—Madame Marie Roze had a most miraculous escape to-day. She was riding on horseback with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and while at full gallop her saddle-girth broke, and she was thrown violently to the ground with the saddle. Mr. Carleton, who was riding behind her and unable to change the course of his horse, caused the animal to jump over her prostrate body, and so by almost a miracle Marie Roze escaped the hoofs of two horses. All the company were almost paralysed with fright, but Marie Roze, notwithstanding that her arm was cut and body badly bruised, insisted on riding four miles to the hotel."

DEER-STALKING in Braemar has commenced, and the first stag of the season has fallen in Mar Forest. It was a splendid animal, with a very fine antlered head, and was killed in the Altonowen section by the Hon. G. Skene Duff.

THE new game law in force in the Swiss Canton of Graubünden has had the effect of largely increasing the stock of chamois. There are said to be about 10,000 head of chamois in the canton. Last year 900 chamois were shot, besides three bears and eight eagles.

SOME thousands of persons recently assembled at Wedmore, a pleasantly-situated parish near Wells, to celebrate the proclamation of peace which took place in that parish one thousand years ago, when the Danes, under the leadership of Guthrum, were repulsed at the battle of Edingworth by the army of Alfred the Great. It was stated that prior to the signing of the Treaty between Alfred and Guthrum the latter was baptised in the Christian faith in the church of Alter, a few miles distant from Wedmore. The identical font in which he was christened, it is said, is still in Alter Church.

The Manchester Guardian's London correspondent writes:—"Mr. Mapleson has arranged to charter a steamer for carrying his company across the Atlantic. One of the principal cabins will be fitted up as a stage, and rehearsals will take place on board

under the direction of Signor Arditi, who has been appointed to conduct the performances at New York. With the exception of Mdle. Gerster, no artist of the very highest position has been engaged, but the company will be far more complete than any that has yet performed at the New York Opera House or Academy of Music. One of the first works produced will be 'Carmen,' with Miss Minnie Hauk in the character of the heroine. The first performance at New York will be given on the 21st October, and the same night an autumn season will be commenced at Her Majesty's Theatre, when 'Carmen' also will be produced, with Madame Trebelli in the part 'created' at this theatre by Miss Hauk. The direction of the New York Academy of Music is entrusted to Mr. Mapleson for seven years, during which period all charges in respect to the building will be defrayed by a committee of bankers and merchants who have taken the theatre on lease."

A GREAT FEAT IN RIFLE SHOOTING.—On Saturday, July 14, says the *Chicago Field*, Dr. Carver accomplished his great feat of breaking 5,500 glass balls in 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. The shooting took place at Brooklyn Driving Park. The task was accomplished with six Winchester rifles, and the balls fired at were Paine's feather filled. The balls were thrown in the air. At first he was joking over the misses, but gradually settled down to strict business. His riles became so heated that they were hard to handle or work, but still they did their work well, and the only fault that could be found was that the water in the gun which had been so hastily cooled would settle down to the breech of the piece, and, when he fired, it appeared as if the spray from the concussion would blind him, and by rubbing the water from his eyes with his gloved hands, which were covered with powder, he soon created an inflammation which nearly all present thought would make him lose the race; but Carver was not at all daunted but kept on shooting, and still rubbing his eyes until the twenty-second hundred had been shot, and he remarked that he was just getting warmed up to his work, and would be able to shoot after awhile. On the twenty-third hundred his eyes were washed out by attendants, and in a minute he was at work again, and at the close of 2,300 his pulse was only 102, and as it was raining hard, all present moved into the building, the doctor standing in front and shooting as usual. From the twenty-fourth hundred to the third thousand it became doubtful whether he would finish hisfeat; but Mr. Howe, the proprietor of the park, took him to the hotel near by for a change of clothes and refreshments. After thirty-five minutes he returned to his work, and at first went slowly, but gradually, douching his eyes the while, he gained on "Tine," and was ahead at the end of the 5,000 balls. He now spurred gamely, and made very fast time over the last 500. The firing was in the fairest manner possible. Beyond a slight congestion of the membrane of the eye, he suffered but slight fatigue. Captain Bogardus performed a similar feat on January 3rd with a double-barrel shot gun, breaking 5,000 glass balls in 6 hours 13min. 45 sec., with 156 misses. Dr. Carver made 712 misses, and thus fired 6,212 shots in the space of 7 hours 38 min. 38 sec.

THE professional single sculling race of the United States was rowed this week at New York with the following result:—Hanlon won by six lengths; Ross was second; and Plaisted third.

MADAME NILSSON some years ago invested £10,000 in American real estate, employing an American agent to get her 10 per cent. in land. Soon afterwards came the Chicago fire, which burnt down her property. She got about half the insurance. Then followed the panic. Down went the property. Still, says a contemporary, she hung on, put the whole affair in the hands of an agent (member of a church, of course), and slept easily. Now Mr. Agent has "busted," and Mr. Rouzeaud is looking after the remnants. The loss will be £10,000 only. Madame Nilsson, in the meantime, has gone to the Pyrenees for the summer, probably to look after her castle in Spain."

The White Star steamer Adriatic, which has arrived at Liverpool from New York, included in her list of passengers a company of coloured actors, who have been brought to this country to play *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The company altogether numbers 60 performers, and of these 54 are negroes, and comprise men,

women, boys, and girls. They have been selected in America by Commodore Tooker, and have been brought to England under the charge of Mr. A. Bond Jarrett, of Baltimore. On disembarking at the landing stage the "daikies" expressed great delight at their arrival in England, and sang "God Save the Queen." The company will commence its theatrical tour at Manchester on Monday next, and will afterwards visit Birmingham and other places. Two more troupes are to follow from America.

MR. H. J. MONTAGUE, the well-known actor, who for several years past has been fulfilling engagements in America, died at San Francisco on Sunday. Mr. Montague first appeared on the stage when he was nineteen years old, taking the part of junior counsel for the defence in the drama of *The Trial of Effie Deans* at Astley's. Later on he appeared at the Adelphi, but he first brought himself into prominent notice by his acting in the late Mr. Robertson's comedy of *School* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. For three seasons he was lessee of the Globe. He sailed to America about five years ago, and soon succeeded in establishing himself in public favour in the United States.

SALE OF COACH HORSES.—At Albert Gate on Monday several lots which have been running during the season in the Orleans Club coach and in a coach belonging to Major-General Dickson were brought up for sale, three of the horses sent by the gallant officer being sold for 76gs, 87gs, and 95gs respectively. Of the horses from the Twickenham Club Matthew was knocked down at 57gs; Mark, 30gs; Luke, 40gs; John, 51gs; Orleans, 31gs; Kempston, 50gs; Sandown, 30gs; Jumpos, 32gs; and Lincoln, 27gs. The horses which fetched the highest prices at the sale were Gunlock, a winner of several hunt races, 370gs; Hilarion, a descendant of Touchstone, 160gs; and Bonnie Charlie, whose sire is Prince Charlie, 350gs. On Monday next the horses which have been running in the Portsmouth Coach will be offered for sale.

A CASE of interest to owners of coverts and masters of hounds was heard before the Buckrose magistrates, North Yorkshire. Two labourers, named Pollard and Westwood, were charged with wilfully damaging property of a private nature belonging to Sir Charles Strickland, by making a hole in the ground to dig out a fox on the 26th of May. Some lads who were present having proved the digging out and taking away of the cubs, Benjamin Lockwood, gamekeeper in the service of Sir Charles Strickland, said he had a litter of foxes under his care in a field of Mr. Lett's. There were four cubs; and, having examined the earth, he found that a good deal of damage had been done by digging under the hedge and rooting up the barley. The bench inflicted fines, which, together with costs, amounted to about 30s. each, or in default, fourteen days' hard labour.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

DEAUVILLE MEETING.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11.

PRIX SPECIAL.—Inval, by Pompier—Inconnu, 8st 11lb (Carratt), 1; Boulof, 2; Fitz-Plutus, 3. 5 ran.
PRIX DE TROUVILLE.—Saint Mars, by Trocadéro—Billistrie, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (Storr), 1; Le Marquis, 2; Pontoise, 3. 5 ran.
PRIX PRINCIPAL.—Enguerrande, by Vermont—Delaine, 5 yrs, 10st (Hudson), 1; Macédoine, 2; Augusta, 3. 5 ran.
PRIX DE VILLIERS.—Commandant, by Le Petit Caporal—Marcella, 8st 7lb (Rolle), 1; Avermes, 2; Beauchair, 3. 9 ran.
PRIX DE HONFLEUR.—Mdle. Clirion, by Dollar—Jeune Prémier, 8st 7lb (Hudson), 1; Venise, 2; Cabale, 3. 14 ran.
PRIX DES TRIBUNES.—Matour, by Plutus—Normandie, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (Storr), 1; Logrono, 2; Comète IV, 3. 9 ran.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13.

PRIX DU CHEMIN DE FER.—Finisterre, by Bigarreau—Finisterre, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (Rolle), 1; Géographie, 2; Buisson, 3. 3 ran.
PRIX NATIONAL.—Valérien, by Gitano—Valériane, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Heslop), 1; Mondaine, 2; Halagny, 3. 8 ran.
PRIX DE VICTOR.—Priscina, by Dollar—Pergola 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (Hudson), 1; Reserviste II, 2; Gladia, 3. 6 ran.
PRIX DE DEUX ANS.—Swift, by Kingcraft—Syces, by Marsyas, 9st 3lb (Wheeler), 1; Commandant, 2; Avermes, 3. 14 ran.
PRIX DES ÉCURIES.—Porcelaine, by Cybopal—Mdle. de Fontenay, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (Carrat), 1; Double Blanc, 2; Eusebia, 3. 10 ran.
Prix de Lonray.—Fedor, by Vertugadin—Fugitive, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Hunter), 1; Déesse, 2; Biblio, 3. 8 ran.

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M ESSRS. BEADEL are instructed to offer the above PROPERTY FOR SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C., on THURSDAY, 20th August, at TWO o'clock precisely, in one lot. Particulars, with plan and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Henry Gibson, Esq., Solicitor, Ongar, Essex; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Beadel, 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

HAMPTON-HOUSE, Hampton-court, Middlesex.—A capital Freehold Family Mansion, containing noble drawing and dining rooms, library, billiard room, grand picture gallery and conservatory, and numerous bed rooms, also the usual offices and conveniences, standing in finely-timbered grounds of about 8½ acres.

M ESSRS. SLADE and CHALLEN will OFFER the above, or the Premises, on the 26th day of August, at ONE o'clock precisely, unless previously sold by private contract; and will immediately thereafter Sell the Furniture and Contents. Particulars of the below-named firms.

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M ESSRS. SLADE and CHALLEN (in conjunction with Mr. PIGGOTT) have been instructed by the Executors of the late M. B. Sampson, Esq., to SELL BY AUCTION, on the Premises, on Monday, August the 26th, 1878, and following days, commencing at 12 o'clock on each day, the above very valuable ITEMS. Catalogues, price 1s. (which will admit to view), can be had of Messrs. Paddison, Son, and Titley, Solicitors, Abchurch-chambers, Abchurch-lane, E.C.; of Mr. Piggott, George-street, Richmond, and Messrs. Slade and Challen, 8, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.

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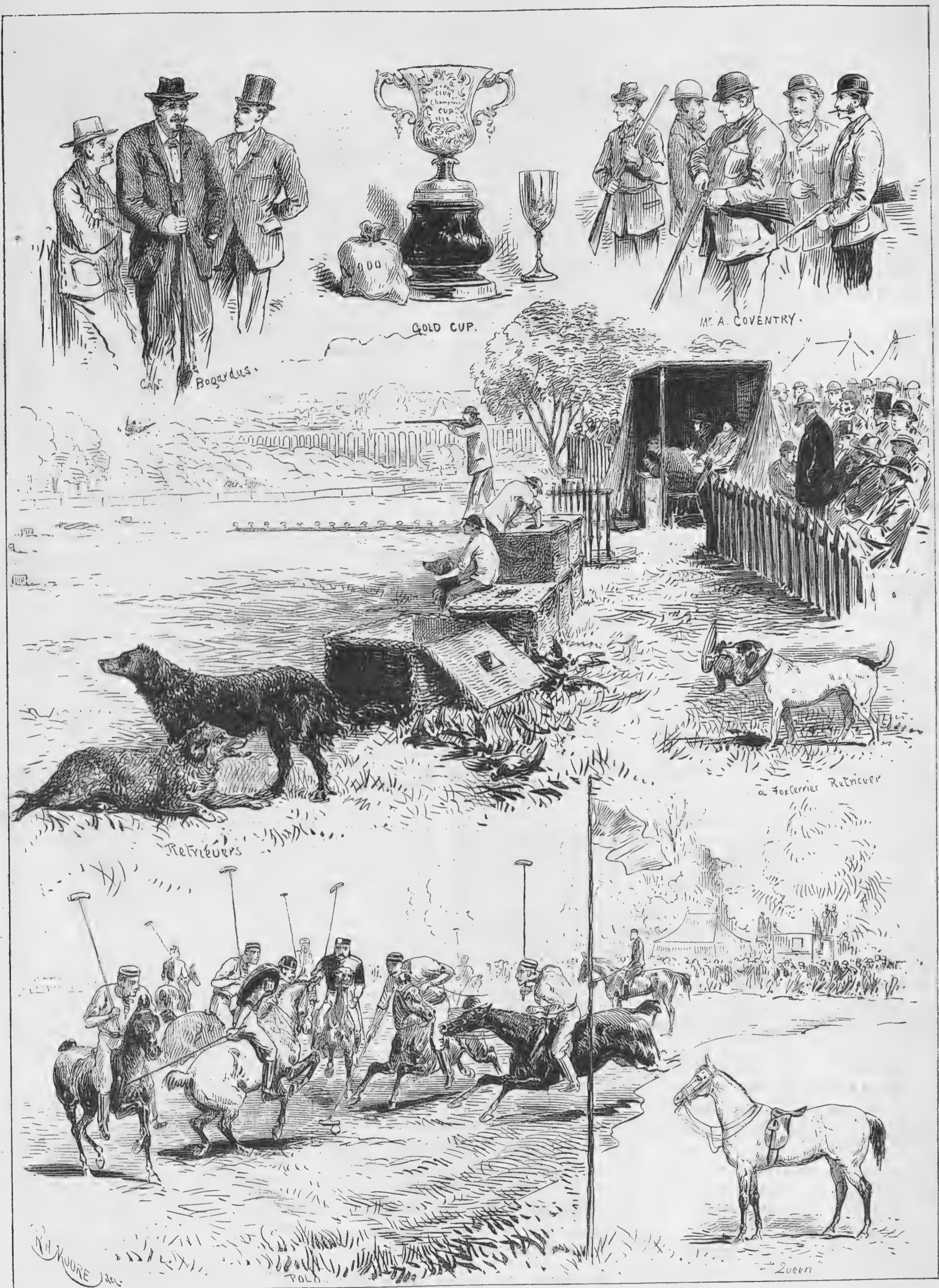
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

C. BRANDAUER.—The writer states nothing that has not its warranty in facts. Voltaire, for instance, writing of a Chinese play called *The Orphan of Tchaou* from which he borrowed the subject of one of his own plays, says:—"The action of the Chinese piece lasts through five and twenty years, as in the monstrous farces of Shakpeare and Lopez de Vega, which are called tragedies." In his day the Unities were upheld on the French stage as absolutely essential to the artistic character of the drama, and, as Lady Morgan said, "conspiracies were conducted in the open courts of a tyrant's palace, and plots and counter-plots carried on by parties who appear to enter and go off the stage for no other purpose than to give a fair field to the exertions of their opponents. The restriction of the duration to an arbitrary and conventional number of hours, by excluding an immense variety of subjects, and enforcing a

hurried and imperfect development of nearly all, diminishes still more sensibly the power of pleasing which is the great end of all." Her ladyship was not, however, blind to the faults of those who ignored the Unities, for she adds: "By a similar oversight many of the romantic school seem, on the contrary, to think there is positive merit in a frequent change of site, and an almost unlimited duration in the plots of their dramas."

PLODDER.—The Alfred Theatre was simply the old Marylebone Theatre rechristened, with a new stage and other improvements. It was opened on October 10th, 1868, and the Duke of Edinburgh, who gave permission for the use of his name, was present at the first performance under the management of Miss Amy Sedgwick. The opening play was a new one by Mr. C. H. Stephenson, called *Pindoo Singh*, the incidents being connected with the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

CADBURY.—The Earl of Beaconsfield has written a drama. It was played about forty years ago at Astley's Theatre, and was called *Alaros: or, The Spanish Student*. The critics were unanimous in attributing its failure purely to bad acting.

S. L. P.—It was produced at the Odeon, Paris, in April 1824.

HAVER.—The charming little lady is now playing at the Surrey Theatre in melodrama, which is not, we should think, quite her line.

R. C. T.—Miss Bella Moore, daughter of Mr. George Washington Moore, made her *début* at the Olympic Theatre. 2. Miss Madge Robertson was born at Great Grimsby, on March 15, 1848. Her father was a well-known country manager. She made her first provincial appearance when a child at Bristol, and her first appearance in London at the Haymarket Theatre, where she played Mary Meredith to Mr. Sothern's *Lord Dundreary*.

VETERINARIAN.

ANDREW.—If your horse is subject to frequent attacks of colic the chances are that one of them will one day carry him off. As a rule it is spasmodic colic, when often occurring, and quite easily cured by any hot stimulating drink whatever, when given at the outset. A little hot ale and ginger, hot gin and water, indeed, almost any hot drink. Put on warm clothing, of course, and hand-rub the legs and put on bandages if the legs are cold.

MR. A. C. McYAVISH.—You had better apply for advice, as we could not direct you what to do from day to day.

GRACCHUS.—Purchase at the chemist's thirty grains of Pil Aloes and Iron B.P., and ask him to make it into fifteen pills. Then give one to the dog night and morning. Give an injection composed of tincture of steel: one dram in lime water, two ounces every third night.

SPORTING.

A. C. (Southport).—We do not know his address, but will endeavour to ascertain it for you by next week.

H. H. S.—Dulverton or Minehead, the former for choice.

PRINCETOWN.—Yes, by ticket. The price is we believe a guinea a month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. D.—Indeed! Is there then neither melody, nor music, nor beauty, in the "Ode to Evening" by Collins, a well-known poem without rhyme, which we venture to re-produce entire?—

Now air is hush'd save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek flits on a leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sulken horn:

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path
Against the pilgrim, borne in heedless hum.
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain;

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return.

For, when the folding star arising, shews
His pale circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves,
Who sleep in buds the day,

And many a nymph, who wreathes her brow with sage
And sheds the freshening dew—and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasure sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and healthy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleam.

Or, if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods.

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell and marks o'er all,
They dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

LONDONER.—There is an old song written in praise of Tobacco, in which it is alternately compared to a musician, a lawyer, a physician, a traveller, a critic, etc. It consists of seven verses, and originally appeared in 1618, in "Tenebrionia; or, the Marriage of the Arts," by Barten Holiday. We append a verse:—

Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighted.
It descends in a close
Thro' the organs of the nose
With a relish that inviteth.
This makes me sing so, so, ho boyes,
Ho boyes, sound I loudly,
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed!

Whereof'te boast so proudly.

M. P. V.—Richard I. sailed from Sicily to Cyprus, suffering on his way from a terrible storm, in which he lost several ships, and nearly lost that containing the daughter of the King of Navarre, Berengaria, to whom he was betrothed. Isaac then "Emperor" of Cyprus, refused him permission to enter his ports, and Richard enraged at this, and hearing that he plundered his ships wrecked upon his coast, and imprisoned the shipwrecked mariners landed force and in fourteen days reduced the whole island, taking prisoner the King, and leaving troops and a governor behind to retain his conquest, while he sailed away with Isaac's fleet added to his own, and a large accession of means for carrying on his war against the Turks. What the *Refrain* means by flipantly talking about "Dicky the Second's fleet" going a-hore where "a person named Isaac had assumed the sovereignty," is more than we can tell.

CLERICAL.—John Trusler was born in 1753 in London. He practised medicine, took holy orders, and officiated as curate in a London church, and afterwards lived by providing clergymen with MSS. sermons, as so many have done since and do still. He was the author of innumerable compilations, which he printed and published at his own establishment. He died at his estate on Englefield green, in Middlesex, but we cannot find the date.

H. I. D.—There is no such place as *Saxenundham Hall* in the county.

S.—Fourpenny pieces were first issued in 1812.

W. V.—The third Napoleon was born on the 20th of April, the first on August 15th.

S. S.—His name is Porter, but as he is a very good fellow you must not make a butt of Porter, altho' he being neither amateur nor professional, is a mere half-and-half player.

TON.—Many of Dumas' plots were based upon criminal cases of real life. *Monte Cristo* was founded upon the actual story of a shoemaker named Francois Picau who was imprisoned as an English spy at Fene-trelle from 1807 to 1814, and there received the confidence of an ecclesiastic of high rank, who told him where he had concealed immense treasures in Milan, and dying in January 1814, made the shoemaker his heir.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.—The longest we have read of was the lawsuit between the heirs of Thomas Talbot Vi count Lisle, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley, which commenced in the reign of Edward IV., and ended by a compromise, in that of James I., when it had existed a hundred and twenty years.

W.S.—We have examined from time to time some twenty or more volumes without finding the information. When we come across it we shall reply.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

THE appearance of entries for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, made nearly two years before the decision of these races, presents invariably an interesting study to analysts of pedigrees and breeders, as indicating the strains of blood most in fashion, and the sources from which we may expect to see uprising a new line of equine kings. In

these long lists of distinguished names of sires and dams, we may almost read the future of Turf history; but their appearance at this season of the year is doubly welcome, because we are enabled to see written therein not only the descriptions of our highest priced and most promising yearlings disposed of during the first half of the racing season, but we can also form a pretty accurate forecast of the hands of the breeders to be exposed at the Doncaster September Meeting. Notwithstanding many "changes of venue" in yearling sales, necessitating withdrawals from the time-honoured sale-ring in the town of butterscotch, Doncaster is likely to be patronised as fully as ever, and most of her good old standing dishes will reappear in due course upon the menu issued by Messrs. Tattersall for our delectation during the intervals of racing. To casual, as well as to regular institutions of the place, Doncaster affords a last chance for the disposal of troupes of yearlings, batches of brood mares, and stray stallions; but of course the great attraction is in the first-named class of commodities, which form the staple of sales held in that circumscribed "paddock," which has only of late years superseded the "Dustbin" of unsavoury memory. Doncaster is, of course, a stronghold of the Northern breeders, who may be said almost to monopolise the business there transacted, but many others will be found in the lists, attracted thither by the certainty of buyers from all parts of the kingdom being attracted to the old-fashioned Yorkshire town, from which so many embryo cracks have been led away, to return in after years as aspirants for the highest racing honours which Yorkshire can bestow upon them the primest objects of interest and regard to dwellers on its airy worlds or in grimy cities alike.

Glancing down the files of entries, with an eye to noting the contents of the varied yearling bill of fare likely to be set before us at Doncaster, we find Mr. Ashton with a solitary representative, and that by Macgregor in place of the "dear departed" Lambton and Miner; and out of the Elsham stable lot Sir John Astley has selected a Hermit colt as well as the produce of his own sire, Broomielaw, and Vulcan, who stood somewhere in the neighbourhood a few seasons since. Lord Bateman would appear to have deserted his old favourite Moulsey for King Lud and Saunterer, if we may judge from the animals nominated by him for the great races; while Mr. Cookson shows a bold front, as usual, with four, five, and three representatives in the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger of 1880. Fillies would appear to predominate at Nuneham, but there are Palmer colts out of Pestilence and Wee Lassie, while in other places we come across such well-remembered names as Jenny Diver, White Squall, and Lady Macdonald; and the sires used by Mr. Cookson, besides his own have been Macgregor, Macaroni, Cardinal York, Knight of the Garter, and that good horse Kingcraft, who is certain to become fashionable next year. Mr. Dore is lucky in being able to show a brace of young Palmers, the stock of which sire is certain to be all the go this autumn, as this is the very last batch of them, and no horse will be so sadly missed as the brother to Rosicrucian. Mr. Eyke is to the fore with no less than five brown Brown Bread colts and a solitary filly by Cucumber: and though there is nothing out of the dam of Hilarious, nearly all of the Stanton mares boast good running blood, and no one breeds a larger proportion of winners than their owner. Mr. John Gretton's faith in Nuneham is staunch indeed, and he will offer some half-dozen in the Doncaster sale-ring out of a well-bred set of mares, and he should deserve success by sticking so pertinaciously to his home blood, wisely judging, perhaps, that no one will help him to "make" purchase unless he helps himself. Mr. Crowther Harrison is lucky in the possession of three colts, consequently we find him unrepresented in the Oaks, and as it would seem to be the hope and prayer of breeders that their mares should "bring forth male children only," this owner of a well-known name among Yorkshire breeders should be accounted a happy man. Mr. W. Hudson is a figure we should greatly miss in the Leger week, and his young Speculum, out of Lady Tresspass will doubtless more than pay her box fare from Hull; while Mr. I. Anson shows a splendid yearling hand, with such trump cards in it as a pair of Speculums, an Adventurer, and a King Lud, besides a Wenlock filly, and last, but not least, a Palmer filly out of Beaucherc's dam, which should take some "buying." Mr. Jennings's Lady Murray has a colt by Strathconan; and the next lot we arrive at hail from Enfield, General Peel nominating colts by Strathconan, St. Albans, Orest, and brother to Strafford from the birthplace of Sefton (whose dam is unrepresented), in addition to fillies by Hermit, See-Saw, and Strathconan, so that Gilbert may well be proud of his young charges, and the Glasgow legatees may rejoice that the good which was in the blood of the late eccentric Earl's Patagonian stud has shown its worth at last. Lord Scarborough's luck has taken a turn for the better of late years, and he has done well

form so pleasing a feature in the doings of that busy week among the Tykes. The numbers of yearlings for disposal will probably be supplemented by a contingent from the Yardley Stud remaining unsold from Newmarket; while Mr. Freeman of Bath may also be expected to swell the list of breeders who parade their youngsters before a critical Doncaster audience. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that prices may have taken a more favourable turn before the very last chance of the year presents itself to purveyors of blood stock, but as things look brighter in the city, and as the city gives the tone to dealings elsewhere, even in the yearling market, we are at any rate justified in not despairing. Should a similar panic prevail to that at Newmarket, it is dreadful to contemplate the sacrifices which will have to be made, and the long lists of the "great unsold" at the close of each day's proceedings. But we would fain hope that the majority of owners may be sent away rejoicing, and that the "depression" is but a temporary one, and likely soon to "disperse," after the fashion of those namesake weather indications, which threaten so much but often disturb so little.

BY-AND-BYE.*

AT a certain period of a wayward wandering and eventful existence, I was acquainted with an actor whose stories of old strolling days were the delight of my youth. Some years ago I was astonished to find that actor—who was an old man when I was a boy—still alive. He had no remembrance of me as one of a little set of journalists, artists, and players who were our mutual friends in London, until bit by bit I recalled to his mind first one and then another, and at last myself, so that eventually we became as friendly and familiar as we had been in the olden times, and occasionally he would tell some of the old stories, but feebly and imperfectly, for his memory was leaving him. One evening he told me, for the first time, the following, in which I think you may take an interest, and which I will repeat as nearly as possible in the words he used:—

THE STORY OF AN EMIGRANT ACTOR.

Basking in the sunshine of a land thousands of miles from my own, I look back through the vista of many years, recalling scenes, incidents, and characters of a past life which seem like those of half-forgotten dreams—I am so very old.

They were, however, real enough once. Real, with the hopeful exuberance of young life and wild Bohemian instincts; real, with a spirit of reckless daring and defiance of "Mrs. Grindly" and all the goody-goody, highly respectable people, who scorned my poverty and hated my profession. Real, with passionate desires, and the restless fever of an artist's unsatisfied pride and ambition; real, with pangs of hunger, shame, and footsore wanderings in all kinds of weather. Yes, real enough once; real even in their memories—once. It was my delight to talk about them then—although sometimes they brought tears, made my voice tremble, my heart swell. They have no such power now; my feelings are not so acute as they were; my remembrances are like letters of words written long ago—faded, dim and hard to trace. I am so very old.

A deserter from the desk of a merchant's office, I was a strolling player, enduring cheerfully enough the varied hardships and degradations of my vagrant calling; playing on stages rudely extemporised in barns, in great rooms of taverns, or old-fashioned town halls. I was vocalist, scene painter, and leading actor; played in the orchestra, and carried out the play-bills. Ours was a "sharing" company, under the management of a stout middle-aged widow, with an inflamed nose and weak eyes. She played Ophelia and Desdemona. My share of the company's united earnings seldom exceeded ten shillings a week, often amounted to three or four shillings. Our wanderings were chiefly in Kent, where we were well known, had many humble friends, and not a few rich powerful enemies, of whom it was our delight to invent ludicrous stories, which stuck to them; and give grotesque imitations, which were laughed at, talked about, and came to their ears, increasing the spitefulness of persecutors who were only too watchful for easily-given opportunities which might introduce us to the stocks, the gaol, and the hangman's whip—I tasted that once for a too successful mimicry of a brutal magnate, the purse-proud overbearing tyrant of his parish. You see I am speaking of long ago.

But he has nothing to do with this story—it's the only story I ever tell now—indeed the only story I properly remember.

She—did I say it was a love story?—she was named Harper, her age was nineteen. You never saw a prettier girl, and you never will. There are few, very few, of my age now living, and I have been looking for a girl as lovely as she was ever since I first saw her—and I was young then—for her equal—and in all parts of the world; shaking my head at the most beautiful, saying, "No, no, you are not Emma Harper, not so pretty, nor so clever, nor as good." She died when very young. I saw her body buried in the good old land thousands of miles away.

I can almost see that little mound as I saw it many and many a time afterwards, in sunshine and shadow, on my way to the theatre, and at night when I came away from it. The moonlight sleeps upon it as white, calm, and pure as she who sleeps within it, and I stand there in the silence with tears on my cheeks, as still as the shadowy gravestones around us. That was years and years ago, I can't just now remember how many years, but there, it don't matter.

There was in our company a reckless, devil-may-care, handsome young fellow, who came from some horse-riding show, a man without conscience or heart, coarse in language, fond of blasphemous jests, selfish in all his actions, but so full of fun and merriment, so impudently daring, such a famous teller of good stories, that he was general favourite, especially with women. His unbounded conceit gave him a confidence in himself which nothing could shake. It was his boast that no woman, ignorant or educated, high or low, could withstand his attack upon her heart if she once gave him the opportunity of talking to her. He was a very poor actor. His education had been neglected, and his mispronunciation of English raised many a hearty laugh at his expense. Yet he looked down upon us, and trod our humble boards as he would have trod the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden, with the air of Kemble and Garrick united. What his real name was none knew. He was constantly changing it. We all knew places in which Jack dared not show his handsome face for fear of the law—against bigamy, it was said.

Emma lived with an old unmarried aunt, in a little thatched cottage in Southbourne, about a mile from the theatre. It stood in a neatly kept garden by the sea on the road to Eastbourne. I lodged there three or four times, and came to look forward to lodging under that roof as the happiest and brightest event of my life. The thought of it gave a new bitterness to my futile struggles for advancement. I was passionately in love with Emma Harper, earnestly, tenderly; but I never told her so; not for her was the poor strolling player's miserable life of danger and degra-

dation. "By-and-bye," I said softly and secretly to my yearning heart, "by-and-bye when hard study and desperate effort shall win for me as they have won for others a respectable position and a secure living, by-and-bye—by-and-bye."

From frequently saying these words they came somehow to have a sweet soothing effect upon my feelings, until at last I used to repeat them in quite a childish, foolish, inconsequent way whenever anything annoyed or irritated me, or brought me suffering and misfortune. "By-and-bye,"—even now the words have a strange charm, although now they are more meaningless than they ever were, and now, too, there is something sad about them; something pathetic—I don't know what, or rather I know; or almost know—or, can't quite tell. I am so old, you see; my memory loses the words, altho' my heart retains the thing—by-and-bye—by-and-bye.

Let me see—where were we? Ah! yes. Well, Jack lodged that year under the same roof. He had none of my tender feelings and righteous scruples. The first sight of Emma Harper fired his lawless desire. The miseries of a ruined life, the torture of her sin and shame would be nothing to him. I knew that. He never hesitated to buy his pleasures at any cost, if others paid. Life long misery if it purchased him an hours' exquisite enjoyment was nothing.

But she was too good a girl for that—thank God! When our stay in Southbourne came to an end, although he had won her heart from one who loved her reverently and truly, he left her pure. The wretch confessed—not to me, for I shunned him—that he was heartily ashamed to know she was so. But he said as I had said—and, oh! how differently—by and bye!

I travelled on foot to London. I lived there upon a crust a day, less, while tracing out that man's previous life. I found out his first wife's name, and where he married her. I discovered her address, and then I had to rejoin our company in Kent. Pale, haggard, worn almost to a skeleton with fatigue and hunger, but joyously hugging the proof of his treachery and villainy safe in the pocket nearest to my heart.

A few weeks after Jack and myself were once more under the same roof with Emma Harper.

At that time in Kent, from one end to another, and especially along the coast, the towns and villages were full of what we used to call free-traders, meaning smugglers. The cant term for them was "knockers," and those of Kent were the most daring, desperate, and adventurous. They travelled in gangs of from fifty to a hundred, armed with pistols, guns, and cutlasses, not only at night but often in open daylight, mounted on strong hardy horses, with the half ankers of brandy and Hollands slung across their saddle-bows, and in this way they would ride by night through the streets of the towns, aye even into London itself. You'll scarcely credit it; I once saw a battle between a gang of the Kentish Knockers and Custom-house men on Westminster-bridge. You find it hard to believe, but it's perfectly true, and was in the papers.

Many a time at Southbourne was I disturbed by the trampling of horses, the ringing of bit and bridle, and the hum of voices, when looking out of the little window of my bedroom—it was about the height of my knees—I have seen the dark forms of gangs of Kentish Knockers riding on their way with a good "run." The wealthiest men in Kent connived at their doings, and shared the plunder. It was more than a man's life was worth to betray them.

One morning I had saved enough money to take me to London by the waggon, and to London I went. I had also money enough to bring back with me the woman I had been so troubled to find. On a certain Sabbath I came back. It was a calm, beautiful summer evening, a soft light breeze was in the air, sea and sky and quiet land were placid and solemn. We were very dusty and tired, having come on foot from Eastbourne, after travelling part of the tedious way from London by the Margate Hoy, and part of the way in a lobster-boat. I remember how she shuddered at the mass of dirt-coloured crawling crabs who were our fellow-passengers. At last we reached the cottage. Too late! A friend had betrayed confidence, and Jack had suddenly fled, taking with him Emma Harper.

I don't remember what I did or said. It's all a blank now. The blow was terrible, and I have never forgotten it, but I don't feel it as in the past years I used to feel it.

Here is the letter she wrote me, curiously discoloured; the ink's faded to the ghost of what it was, as men's lives and men's memories fade, like mine. Take it; I can't read it now. But there—wait—wait—you must handle it tenderly as I do, for the creases are in holes.

The above, to the best of my recollection, are the words in which I heard the old English actor's story of his first love. The following is an extract from the letter to him from Emma Harper, which he placed with considerable reluctance in my hands, never removing his dim eyes from it until it was once more in his possession, and safe in its old leather case:—

"I loved him, and even now, bad as he is, I love him. He shall never see me, write to me, nor hear from me again. But for his sake, I shall die, as Aunt Maria will die—a lonely, single woman. We were on the way to the town, where Jack had an engagement, and there we were to be married. The moon was out of sight when we reached Seaford, and it was quite dark. You remember the waste down where the huge cliffs made our path darker still. Signal fires of the Knockers were flickering from point to point along the coast, and, knowing these meant danger, we turned into a gloomy defile cut in the chalk, running inland. There we were suddenly met by about two hundred horses, laden with casks, ridden or led by nearly as many men. They were rough fellows, and well armed, but civil, telling us we must not go any farther in that direction. They took us with them. We dared not resist. They insisted upon each of us taking a glass of what they called 'God-send.' It was strong brandy, which I barely sipped, and they mounted me on a tall black horse between two tubs, and made Jack bestride another on a cask. He was quite at home with them; told stories, sang songs, and made them merry, but I was white as a ghost, very still, and full of dreadful fears. At last we came to Sherbourne, where you recognised me, and Jack recognised his wife. It was a terrible scene, a fearful escape. Dear Will, to the end of my life I shall be grateful to you, and in my prayers I will entreat God to bless you as a dear, true, noble friend, but if I cannot marry the man I love, and I cannot, I will live and die a single woman. God bless you. Good-bye. A woman's all is staked and lost when she loves as I did.—Good-bye."

As I gave the poor old man back this fragile memorial, he folded it slowly and cautiously, lightly patted it with his long bony fingers, and pressed it to his shrivelled lips, murmuring with a mournful smile that touched me to the heart, "By-and-bye! bye-and-bye."

A. H. WALL.

JAMES RAND, James Wright, and Thomas Bowring have been committed for trial at Brighton charged with stealing the yacht Skylark, valued £300. The yacht was left on Tuesday week at anchor about 200 yards from the shore, and when missed early on Wednesday morning the owner went in chase in a steamer. After an exciting run the Skylark was overtaken eighteen miles south-west of the town. When boarded Rand said had there been more wind they would have been a hundred miles away, and that it was their intention to go to America.

MISS MARIA ROBERTSON.

THIS lady was born at Valparaiso, in South America, on July 30th, 1854, her father being one of the leading merchants on the Western coast, her mother a daughter of Lieutenant Harrington, one of Nelson's officers on board "The Victory." When ten years old Miss Robertson came to England, and lived at Brewood, small village in Staffordshire, where her extraordinary talent first began to develop, opportunity being afforded of singing the soprano solo in some of our well known oratorios in the village choral society. In 1867 her mother married the Rev. G. Hyde-Smith, Rector of Cardynham, Cornwall. A new field being opened for her in the West of England, she sang for innumerable charities and church restorations, thereby realising immense sums of money for a variety of good causes.

Such a compass of voice, comprising 3 octaves, from G to G, combined with such purity of tone, was destined no longer to be hid in the far West; her stepfather having accepted a living in Kent, greater facility was now afforded for study, and at the commencement of 1875, Signor Randegger became her master. Under his tuition rapid strides in progress were made, and a professional career adopted. That this course was not ill-advised is proven by the fact of her successes, for after having been engaged to sing for all the leading London societies, at Her Majesty's express wish she had the honour to be summoned to Windsor; again before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and at the first Court concert last season at Buckingham Palace. Recently having been selected by Mr. Henry Leslie to do justice for the English at the representation of Music given in the Trocadéro, at the Paris Exhibition.

MUSIC ABROAD.

THE Rossini legacy of 6,000 francs a year has now come into the possession of the Académie des beaux Arts, consequent on the death of Mme. Rossini in the early part of this year. The council, in accordance with the wishes of the testator, have determined to dispose of it in the following manner:—A competition of French artists will take place for the production of a poem to be set to music under these conditions, according to the terms of the will: The author of the music must give the prominence to melody. The author of the words must choose a religious or lyrical subject, and keep strictly to the laws of morality. The manuscripts must be sent in before the 30th November, 1878. The result will be published on the 31st December following. The author of the poem which is judged to be the best and most conformable to the conditions of the legacy will receive a prize of the value of 3,000 francs. After the 1st January, 1879, a competition for the musical portion of the work will take place. A copy of the selected poem will be forwarded to those who wish to compete, and the works must be sent in before the 30th September, 1879. The result will be made known in three months from that time, and the author of the work chosen will receive a prize valued at 3,000 francs.

The completed work will be performed within two months of its acceptance either at the institute or at the conservatoire. These competitions will take place every nine months, i.e., one period for the poem, and one for the music, and the execution of the completed work will take place once in every eighteen months.

The Scandinavian concert given in Paris by the students of the Universities of Upsala and Christiania have created a perfect furore. The delicacy, refinement, and above all, the freshness and originality of the works performed by them roused the audiences at the Trocadéro to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely displayed to foreign talent. Madame Anna Bellucca has been engaged by M. Rubinstein, as principal soloist, for the three Slavonic concerts he intends giving in Paris. The authors whose works will be represented are Glinka, Bortnianski, Livoff, Moniusko, Rubinstein, Schaikowski and Rinsky-Korsakow. The chorus will be strengthened by several bass singers from Russia. It is well-known that this voice is found in perfection in Russia, and that a lower C, with the sonority and fulness of an organ, is often found among the basses of that nation.

M. Mansour has just composed an opéra comique in two acts, entitled *La Fée Caprice*, to a libretto by M. Brécoux, which will be produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, when *Les Amants de Verone* is withdrawn. Hilarion Eslava has just died at Madrid at the age of seventy. He was for some time director of the Conservatoire of Madrid, and a most learned and careful writer on musical subjects. The effect of his teaching is evident in most of the compositions of the modern Spanish school. He edited *La Gaceta Musical de Madrid* during 1865-66. The statues of some of the most celebrated German composers have been erected in front of the Vienna Musikverein. On the left of the grand entrance will be found Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber, Bach, and Handel. On the right Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven. Wagner has finished the score of *Percival*, which will be represented at Bayreuth in 1880. Herr Gäger, of Hamburg, will sustain the title rôle. *Quasimodo* will appear in a new dress at the Stockholm Theatre Royal. Conrad Nordquist, the conductor of the orchestra, has composed an opera, shortly to be produced, entitled *The Bellringer of Notre Dame*. *Robin Hood*, a new opera by Dietrich, will be the opening work of the season at the Frankfort Theatre. Herr Kietzschmer, the composer of *Folkunger*, has just finished a new comic opera, entitled *Flüchtling*.

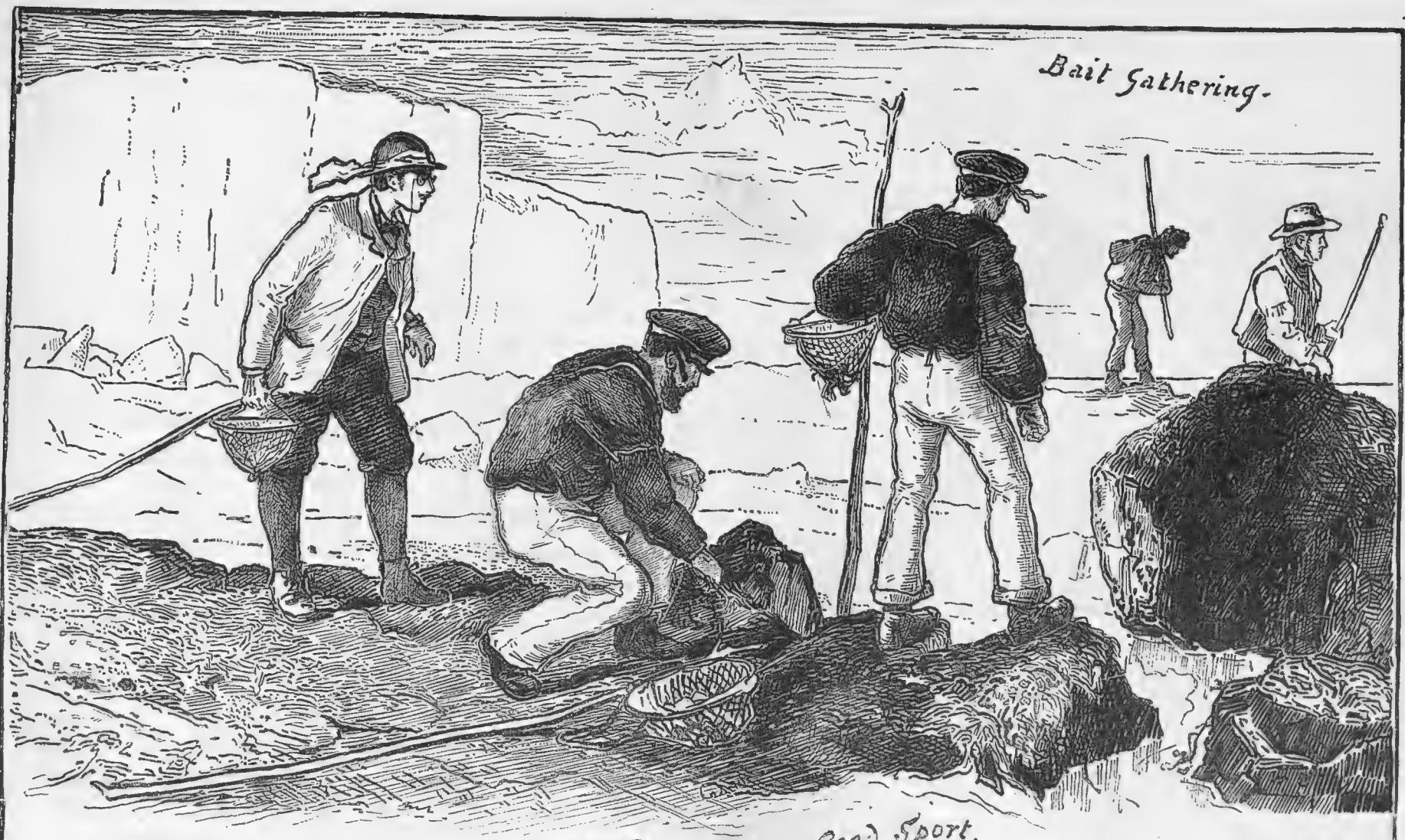
THE OTTER SWIMMING CLUB.—There was a good muster of members at the Serpentine on Friday morning, the 26th ult., when the annual 500 yards handicap, for the prize which Mr. J. W. Rose so generously presents, was decided, with the following results:—H. Cheeswright, 65sec, first; H. Duesbury, 50sec, second; H. V. Cleaver, 50sec, third; H. P. Gardner, 50sec, fourth; H. J. Barron, 40sec, fifth; C. L. O'Malley, scratch, sixth; G. H. Rose, 75sec, o; E. L. Cleaver, 100sec, o; R. Newman, 55sec, o; J. J. Rose, 50sec, o; C. J. Simmonds, 110sec, o; A. J. Clarke, 110sec, o; Percy Moore, 130sec, o; W. Byrnes Jones, 25sec, o; C. Newman, 95sec, o. Mr. S. Willis was handicapper and judge, and Mr. T. R. Sachs starter.

TUESDAY week was practically the first day of the oyster season of 1878. The close time terminating on Saturday, business as a matter of course was not resumed to any extent until Tuesday, owing to Sunday being the opening day and Bank Holiday following. Prices were about the same as last year, natives becoming more scarce, and the influx of foreign species not being sufficiently extensive to adequately supply the demand.

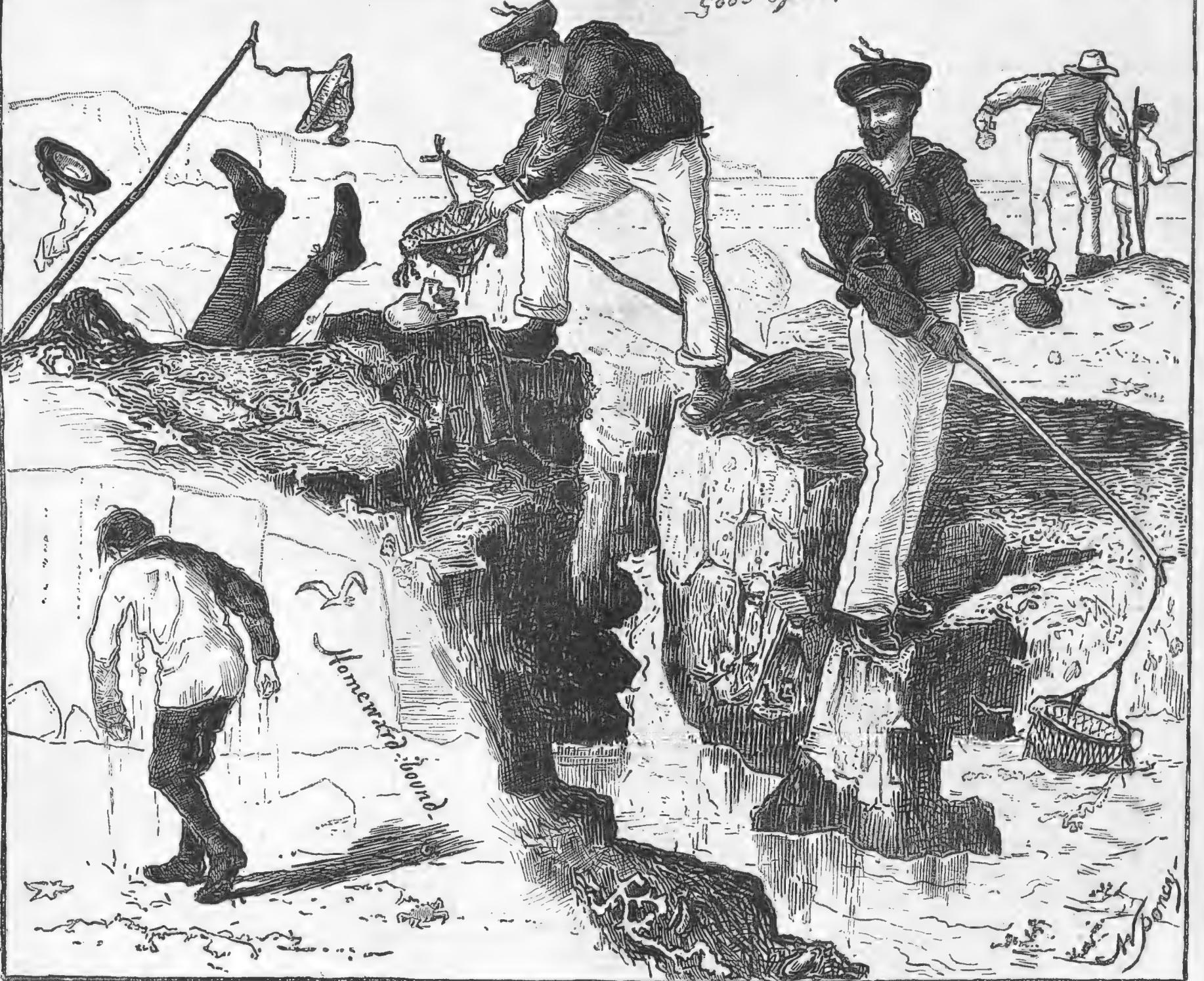
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THE "DRUID'S" WORKS.—1. "Post and Paddock;" 2. "Saddle and Sirloin;" 3. "Silk and Scarlet;" 4. "Scott and Sobright;" all at two shillings each. Also, by the "Old Bushman," "Sporting Sketches at Home and Abroad."—F. WARNE & CO., Bedford-street, Strand, or any bookseller.—[ADVT.]

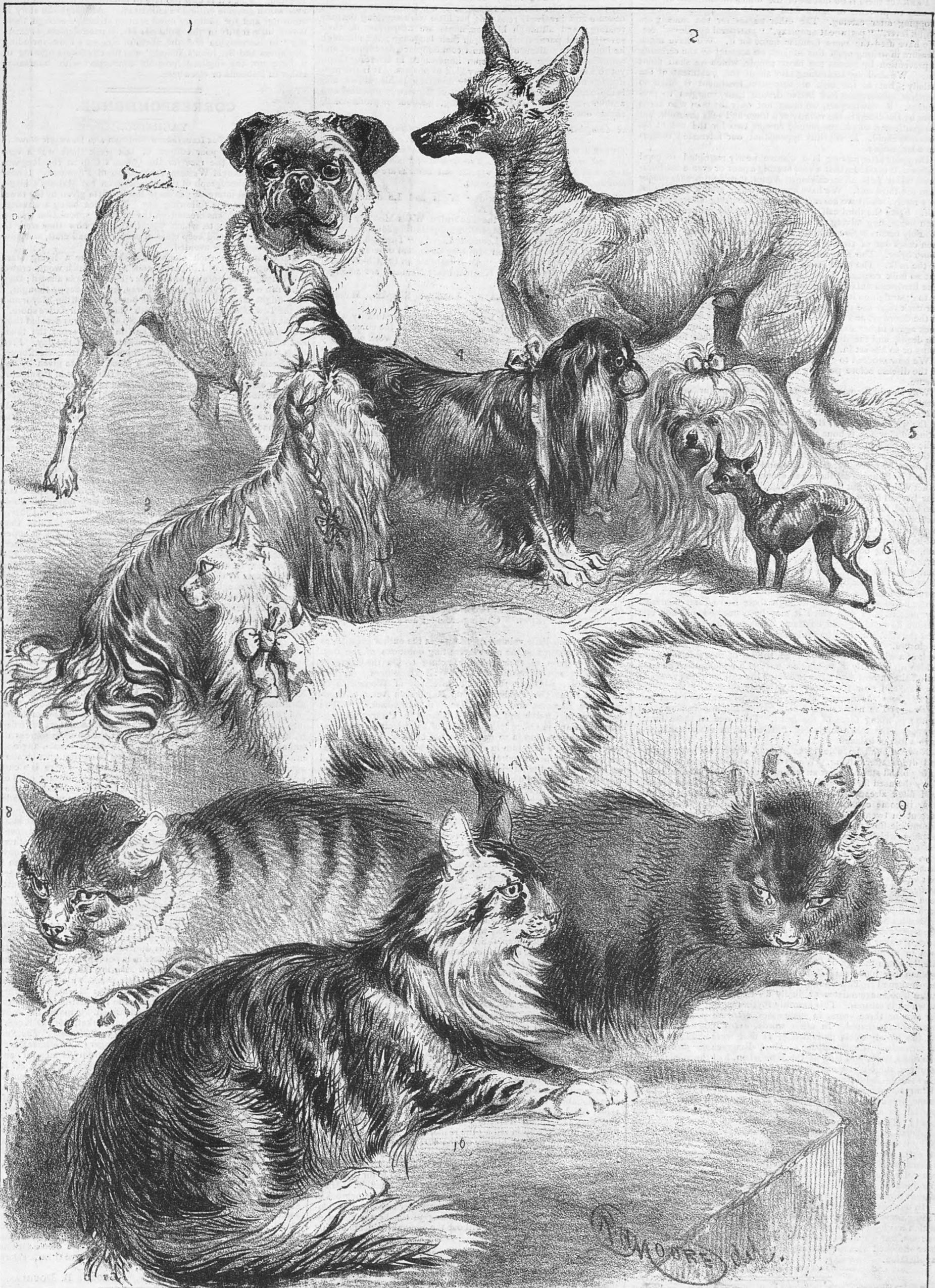
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Good Sport.



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VETERINARIAN.

DROPPING AFTER CALVING.

PERICAPS there is no disease of the domestic animals at once so easy to prevent, or more fatal should the attack occur, as dropping after calving. The other names for the malady are "milk fever," "parturient apoplexy," "puerperal apoplexy," &c. We have used the more familiar name for it. We have much pleasure in writing upon this subject, on account of the certainty of prevention by means the most simple, which we shall point out. We shall say something also about the treatment of the malady; but as the task of successful treatment is often so hopeless, cowkeepers had better devote their energies to prevention. By cowkeepers, we mean not only the man who keeps cows by the dozen in the vicinity of a town and sells the milk, but the gentleman who keeps an odd cow or two for the use of his own household. It will thus appear that our interested readers are a large class.

Dropping after calving is a disease nearly restricted to good milkers. It is seldom that a cow making a poor or even a medium-sized udder falls after calving. Again, it seldom occurs sooner than the third calf. We have known it occur after a second, but very rarely, whilst we never heard of it occurring after the first calf. From the third calf upwards then a good milker is liable; each succeeding calving time being more critical than the last. It rarely occurs before calving, but it sometimes does. In nineteen cases out of twenty it occurs *within the first twenty-four hours after*. The first intimation of it is usually the stoppage of the milk. The maid goes; finds a full promising udder, tries, but no milk comes. Another way it is first discovered is this: The herdsman unfastens the cow's chain to let her out for a drink, or to "straighten her legs." No sooner does the chain fall from her neck than she staggers like a drunken man, and perhaps falls in the doorway, and he wishes in his heart that he had her nicely back again in her stall. Presently, within an hour mostly, down she drops, and the disease that is to kill her within forty-eight hours or so has set in.

We now proceed to give a short sketch of the natural history of the disease before pointing out the means of prevention and of cure.

Why should it come on *immediately after* parturition has separated mother and offspring? and why should its subjects be *full milkers*? The answer to these two questions alone clears up the whole mystery. Before parturition we find an organism eating food which is hour after hour being converted into blood, sufficient both in quantity and quality to nourish two organisms. In time one organism parts from the other organism, not bit by bit and piece by piece, but all at once and abruptly. Now what do we find? Simply that there has occurred to the larger organism an act which has not thrown the majority of its functions out of gear beyond a few hours, and which still goes on converting food into blood for self and partner after the partner has severed connection. Now, the blood-vessels of the body are never for two minutes of the same calibre. They are now wide, admitting full-bodied quick-flowing streams; now narrowed almost to closure, allowing only the faintest trace of a stream to meander through them. The calibre of the blood-vessels is varied constantly in this way. The arteries are surrounded by muscular fibres presided over by the *sympathetic system* of nerves—in other words, the nerves which regulate our "servant" tissues. A gentle nerve-current flowing through these nerve-fibres contracts any muscle-fibre with which it may be connected. When this current flows along and contracts fibres surrounding an artery, then the calibre of the artery is lessened—it may be lessened almost to closure. If the sympathetic nerve-chain on either side of the neck of a white rabbit be severed, the ear of that side is seen to redden up instantly in striking contrast with its fellow. You have cut off the current which has regulated the calibre of the artery of the ear, and now the artery is passively dilated by the blood forced from the heart. Before the experiment you had *two forces*—(1) The nerve current and contracting muscle fibre; and (2) the pumping force of the heart. Take one of these forces away, and the other dominates supreme, or, in other words, you have a loss of balance.

Now we shall be able to understand why a cow has apoplexy and drops after calving. We have said she has been manufacturing blood steadily hour after hour and day after day, and *suddenly* the need for the entire quantity ceases. The blood-vessels, well filled already, suddenly lose their source of out-go, whilst their in-comes continues. Over-distension results. The nerve-current in twenty-four hours or less gets exhausted or spent, and the muscle-fibre surrounding the artery, tired out, is paralysed and helpless, which of course is just the same thing as if you severed the nerve-fibre with knife. If you take the brain of a healthy cow and the brain of one which has died of the apoplexy we are describing, and then take the two ears of our unfortunate rabbit, you will find that they pair exactly. One ear and one brain is *white*, and hardly a blood-vessel of *appreciable magnitude* is to be seen; whilst the other brain and the other ear are a deep red, and each is filled with wide choked blood-vessels.

Besides being able to produce this congestion or overfulness of the vessels artificially as we have described, we see a near approach, under almost parallel conditions, to this morbid condition in many women at what is commonly called "change of life." From the age of fourteen to the age of forty-four or so, women lose blood periodically without becoming either blanched or weakened. This shows, and it is quite well known, that extra blood accumulates gradually up to a fixed point or period at which it escapes. This monthly rhythm is felt by the system for two or three years, in some cases, *after all* periodic blood-escapes have ceased. In other words, extra blood accumulates in the blood-vessels periodically, as if it were going to escape as formerly. What happens? Most disagreeable flushings of the head, neck, and face at the time when, had the woman been younger, the blood-escape would have been taking place. It is these heats and flushings of the face and head, plus the nervous derangements, which unite in making these two or three years of many women's life so intolerable. Why should it show itself so partial in attacking and deranging the blood-vessels of the head? This we have to accept at present as a fact without an explanation. A not altogether unprofitable fact for all that. Why it should not bring on apoplexy is obvious. The quantity of extra blood generated is too small to over-distend the vessels to such an extent as to bring on permanent paralysis of their muscular walls. It is able, however, to bring on temporary paralysis of the vessels and overfulness (flushings); but the nerves regain the mastery.

In our next issue we shall be able to point out a sure and unfailing prevention of "milk fever" or "dropping after calving," which has long ago been discovered and applied empirically with success, but which we now propose to place on the basis we have here sketched without altering either its ingredients or mode of application.

(To be concluded.)

SEA-BATHERS and all exposed to the sun and dust should use ROWLANDS' KALYDOR for dispersing all tan, sunburn, and freckles, and effectually beautifying the complexion; ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for preserving the hair and obviating all the baleful effects of salt water, sun, and dust on it; and ROWLANDS' ODONTO, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums. Ask any Chemist for Rowlands' articles.

REVIEWS.

English Landscape Art in the Year 1878. By ALFRED DAWSON, F.R.A.S. (Third Year.) London: Deighton & Dunthorne. ALTHOUGH Mr. Dawson's sentences are sometimes curiously obscure and involved, rendering his little work anything but easy reading; and although his comments are unsparing in their severity, and particularly strong in their language; and although he indulges in truisms of the most commonplace description, and assumes a didactic air of solemn importance in asserting them, yet this is a pamphlet we are very glad to possess. It is the production of an artist who thoroughly understands his subject, and is thoroughly earnest in his treatment of it. Every practical and zealous student of landscape-painting, amateur or professional, should obtain a copy of it.

A Complete Guide to Spinning and Trolling. By OTTER. London: Alfred and Son.

OTTER'S work is one of well-known repute, and the present is the last of several editions. The new matter comprises illustrations and descriptions of such tackle and baits as are of recent introduction and real practical value.

The Pantile Papers. Tunbridge Wells and London: E. W. Allen.

THIS, the sixth number of the Tunbridge Wells Monthly Magazine, gives us a variety of papers on subjects of general interest, with the continuation of Leonard Lloyd's "Through Woe to Wealth," with some lines on Music by Civis, and others verses by "poets" of equal merit. "An Adventure on the China Sea" and some "Stray Notes on Kentish Place Names" are amongst the papers we find readable.

Morality. By JAMES PLATT. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

THE author has presented us with a treatise on morality which bears the same relation to a scientific treatise on the subject that a work on household medicine bears to the classic work on physic by Sir Thomas Watson, *with this difference*, that works on household medicine tell the *same* story about disease as the larger classical treatise. Mr. Platt substitutes a theology of his own. This is not all, however, for in glancing through his pages, we find he has his own views of most of the other matters on which he touches. The work gives us the impression that its author is omnivorous as a reader, judging by his quotations, which range from Buddha to Charles Reade. The author throws stones at all our cherished institutions as well as our more cherished beliefs. Those whose opinions are formed will find the work entertaining as an excellent specimen of the supreme folly of heterogeneous reading, a practice which frequently tends to the most supreme self-conceit.

Plate-Swimming, with Notes on the Science of Natation. By R. H. WALLACE DUNLOP, C.B. Routledge and Sons.

IN a small volume of one hundred pages or so, the author describes a means of increasing the resisting area applied to the palms and soles by which it is proposed to make swimming easier, &c. He fixes plates to the soles and palms for this purpose, which, he says, quoting the advertisement of the makers of the plates, increases the "float power, diving power, endurance, and speed." The contrivance bears the same relation to swimming that stilts bear to walking; and we think will continue to do so.

Occasional Lectures; Political, Social, and Religious. By JOSEPH SIDNEY TOMKINS. Charing-cross Publishing Company, Limited.

IN a compact little volume of 180 pages the author presents us with eight lectures on the most interesting questions of the day. We name them in their order. Lecture 1. On the Causes of Civil War, and of Social and Political Discontent. 2. The Burials Bill. 3. Ought the Enfranchisement of Women to be Resisted? 4. The Public Worship Regulation Act. 5. Commons for Exercise and Recreation. 6. Ritualism. 7. The Relations of Church and State. 8. Should the Present Government Continue in Office? The author of these lectures goes over a very wide area, and in so doing it is not to be wondered at that we cannot agree with him in everything he says, but the lectures are the product of an enlightened mind with a large grasp, and we heartily wish the publishers had more money than they knew what to do with and could plant a copy in every household in the three kingdoms. Such lectures would go far to educate the people. Some of the remarks in the last lecture are now out of date; for example, p. 177, the author says, "What will the people of England feel when Russia has obtained the Syrian seaboard; when her arms occupy the passes north of our Indian dominions; when her vessels guard the entrance to the Suez Canal?" &c. Events have transpired since these lines were penned which are well calculated to prevent the people of England witnessing the series of disasters here foreshadowed. We repeat that we wish a copy of Mr. Sidney Tomkins's excellent lectures were in every household in the United Kingdom.

Voyage of the Paper Canoe. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

THIS well-known traveller, who at the age of 17 years walked one thousand miles across South America, and presented the world with a graphic account of his performance, now presents us with one of the most interesting works on modern travel and adventure that it is possible to conceive. In a paper canoe, weighing only 58 lbs., the author makes his way during the years 1874-5 from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, a geographical journey of 2,500 miles. The whole journey is pleasantly recorded in a simple winning style, and gives the best insight to the home life of the inhabitants of the Eastern Coast of the United States of America possible. The work has also the great advantage of being ably illustrated with official maps drawn and engraved to scale (1-1,500,000) at the U.S. Coast Survey Bureau. The public are now well acquainted with such works and their priceless value in opening up to view the political and social customs of humanity one remove from civilisation. Comparisons are often objectionable, but were we to be obliged to name volumes of travel equal in interest to Mr. Bishop's we could only name one, and that is Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva." The author loses no opportunity in telling the reader everything worth knowing about the natural history of the vast route over which he passes, and as sportsmen in visiting the United States for a month's shooting and fishing require to know—in order to utilise every moment of their time—the exact spot to go to for their individual requirements, the work to them will be invaluable. Many readers will find most interest in the home life of the negroes of the Southern States through which the paper canoe passes; indeed, they will find the work abounding in the best pictures of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe without the painful incidents of that lady's narrative.

Sophie Crewe. A novel in three volumes. London: J. and R. Maxwell.

A WELL told story, with more power than we usually find in modern novels. The plot is strongly dramatic, the dialogues cleverly written, and the descriptive portions terse and realistic. Novel readers will find it very interesting, and to readers who are more studious observers of life and nature than the generality of novel readers are, it well portrays kindred qualities in the author.

The Queen of Bohemia. By JOSEPH HATTON. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

THIS is a cheap, strongly-bound, well-printed and portable re-issue of Mr. Hatton's popular story of "Bohemian Life in London," which it is now too late to re-criticise, if, indeed it was ever worth genuine critical examination. Although the story is amusing, and for ordinary novel readers attractive enough, there is very little reality in the Bohemia Mr. Hatton depicts as existing "in Kensington and the north of Regent's Park, including Brompton and St. John's Wood," and the characters figuring in it have not the slightest possible connection with humanity, either in Bohemia or elsewhere.

CORRESPONDENCE.

YACHTING.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR,—In your edition of last week there was a very good picture of the race for the Queen's Cup at the Regatta given by the Royal Western Yacht Club of Plymouth. I now send you a photograph of the race between her Majesty's brigs, by far the most interesting event in the Regatta given by the town of Plymouth on the following day. This race being a novelty, much excitement was created on the subject; speculation was on tiptoe, not only as to which would win, but how they were to start, how they would keep clear of yachts or small craft, and how accidents were to be avoided.

How could five such elephantic ships make a flying start amidst such a host of Lilliputian craft as that which would crowd the Sound on the morning of the race? The idea was absurd; they must run over everything in their way, or, "unhappy thought," they might run over the Committee boat, and sink the Mayor and all the Town Councillors of Plymouth "fast by their native shore." What a fearful thing for Plymouth! So at last it was decided they were to start from their anchors, and in consequence the town lost what would have been the prettiest sight of the day. Five brigs were to start: The Liberty, Squirrel, Marten, Seaflower, and Sealark. The first prize was a piece of plate given by the Town, and the second a cup presented by the Mayor of Plymouth.

At an early hour they were all anchored in line about two miles from the Sound, consequently nothing could be seen of the race. At five minutes to eleven the preliminary gun was fired, and all except the Squirrel were covered with canvas long before the smoke had vanished. The Liberty was so taut on her anchor that the pressure of the moderate breeze blowing from the north-west lifted it off the ground, and she was at once under weigh; a start like this was dead against the sailing rules, hence the refusal of the Squirrel to set her canvas; the second gun fires, and off they go, the Squirrel last under weigh with her protest flag flying; like a herd of elephants they gather weigh slowly, and run past the breakwater *en masse*; at the first mark boats they haul their wind, and from that moment the race was virtually over. The Liberty made a long board to sea, and so ran away from all the rest that she was about two hours and a half the winner. I was in hopes that all would come round the mark boat under the Hoe together, in which a pretty sight would have been the result; as it is, the nearest view to be got of the brig is the one I send you. The Squirrel came by the Committee boat to show her protest flag, and my lens has caught her as she passes, just at the moment the Trawlers were starting. Notwithstanding the protest, the racing Committee decided that The Liberty was the winner, and so she took the piece of plate, and the Squirrel the Mayor's cup—Yours, faithfully,

PHOTO.

FISHING.

SIR,—It is a common complaint that waters hitherto open to anglers are gradually becoming closed against them. That this complaint is true is unfortunately too evident. Water property has, of late, rapidly increased in value; good rod fishings are now a fortune to their owners; inferior ones let for considerable rents, and those previously worthless find their way somehow or other into the market, are leased by angling associations, or are regarded with more jealous eyes by their owners as the possible sources of future profit. But besides this natural order of events, anglers, in my opinion, are frequently instrumental in closing open waters against themselves by their own misconduct. There is a curt saying, to the effect that if an inch is given to a certain class of men they will take an ell. That this opinion is applicable to not a few fishermen is a matter of notoriety. A common error made by these persons is to mistake a privilege for a right, and under this fatal misconception, to forget courtesy and decency. If such men armed proprietors only against themselves they would meet with little sympathy; but, unfortunately, well-behaved brothers of the rod suffer for their misdeeds. As the tourist season is now in full force, it is to be hoped that the class of anglers to which I have referred, will endeavour to act less like freebooters and more like gentlemen, for the sake of others if not for their own interest.

—I am, &c.,

S. J. RICHARDSON.

11, Kellett-road, Brixton.

DECLINE OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.

SIR,—In the face of the current cant which never tires of harping loosely upon the continuous and rapid decline of the British Drama, a plain statement of facts may perhaps not be unavailing in removing haziness of conception. During the theatrical season of the year 1778 no less than thirty-one pieces were produced at the three leading houses of the time—the Haymarket, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden. Of these the two first-named theatres produced eight each, the last-named fifteen. Among the most notable of these plays were—at the Haymarket, Mr. O'Keeffe's first essay, *Tony Lumpkin in Town, or the Dilettante*; *The Suicide*, a comedy in four acts, by the Manager (Mr. Colman), well received; *Bonduca*, a tragedy, altered from Beaumont and Fletcher, at Drury Lane; *The Camp*, a musical piece, by R. B. Glendon, Esq. (this temporary *jeu d'esprit* afforded much entertainment); *The Father: or Good Natured Man*, a posthumous comedy by Henry Fielding; *The Law of Lombardy*, by Captain Jephson; *Who's the Duke?* a farce by Mrs. Cowley (very well received), at Covent Garden; *Rose and Colin, The Wife's Revenge*, and two other musical farces from the pen of Mr. Dibdin; *Butherford*, a tragedy, author unknown; *Calypso*, a masque, in three acts, by Mr. Cumberland, directed against the editors of newspapers, and *The Fatal Falsehood*, a tragedy by Miss Hannah More.

The increased facilities of "running" which have grown up during the last century, may, I think, without prejudice, be set off against the restricted choice of plays. If this be fair, a comparison of the above quoted list of pieces, almost without exception of an ephemeral nature, with the leading productions of three principal theatres in the present year—*Diplomacy*, *Olivia*, and *H.M.S. Pinafore*, will, if it does not convince conversational critics of their fallacy, at any rate, it is hoped, give them a clearer notion of their subject.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE B. DOUGLAS.

GLASTONBURY has ended his racing career. While running in the Goodwood Stakes he broke the small bone in his off fore leg, and the injury is so serious that in all probability he will have to be destroyed.

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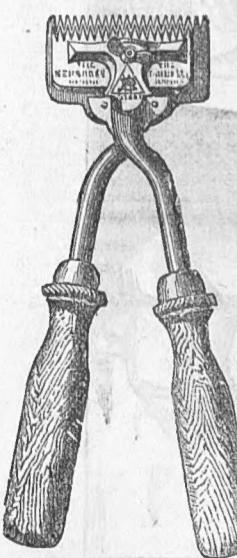


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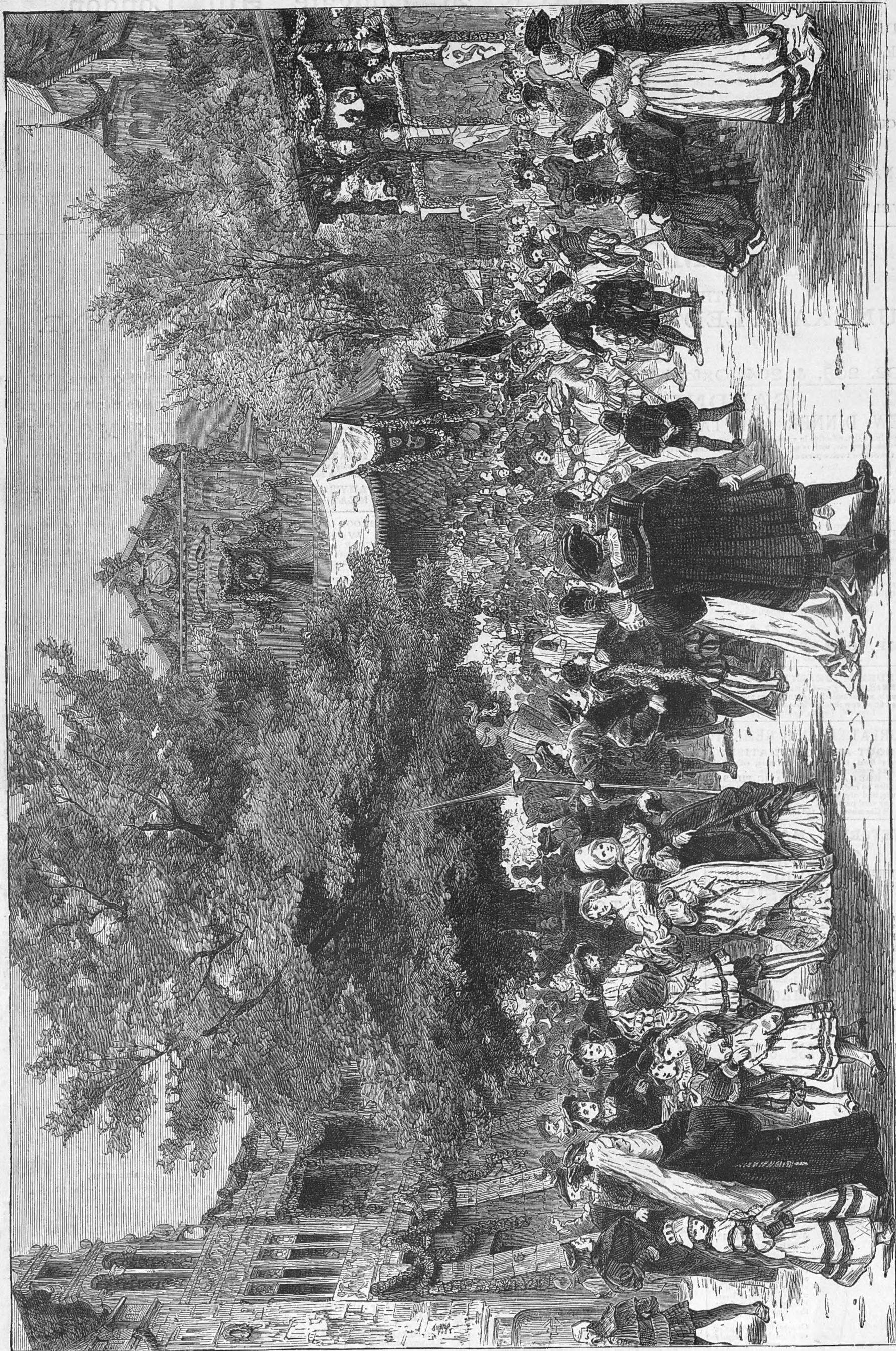
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